

# Sports Illustrated



FEBRUARY 27, 1978 ONE DOLLAR

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### Next Week

THEY HAVE ROSE IN SAN ANTONIO, the Spurs have, from third place in the NBA's Central Division last season to what could be a runaway romp this year. One reason, as Curt Kinspinski reports, is their remarkable guard, George (Ice Man) Gervin. NO SOCIAL CLIMBERS, the rugged individualists who scale sheer rock walls claim their sport is more cerebral than physical—even on those occasions when they suffer an attack of the dread sawing-machine knee. Sam Moses writes a cliff-hanger

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College Basketball

**Sunday, February 26**

Dynasty Days

SportsWorld

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SportsJournal

College Basketball

Check your local TV listings  
for time and channel

# Shopwalk

by ANITA VERSCHOTH

## ACCOMPLISHED SKIERS CAN GET PH.D.s AT COLORADO'S COPPER MOUNTAIN

The cold fact about ski schools, however proficient they may be, is that they take you so far and then turn you loose. A ski instructor's definition of a graduate is that he can finally "turn 'em both ways." But once he reaches that level, where does the student turn to improve his skills, to polish his act? Well, now he can go to Colorado's Copper Mountain, a resort that is offering an advanced seminar for experienced skiers. From January through March, in a series of six four-day sessions, skiers can earn a sort of Ph.D. in the sport. "No matter how good you are," says Jerry Muth, Copper's skier services manager, "there is always more to learn. Besides, where can you find a place to ski as fast as you want to without getting yelled at?"

Copper is still a small resort, and it concentrates almost wholly on making good skiers better. Students are lodged in condominium apartments. There are about half a dozen restaurants but only one discotheque. The terrain overlooks the eastern tail of Vail Pass and is a natural wonder that has steep runs to the east, intermediate runs in the middle and, to the west, easy slopes for snowplow bunnies. To the north, nestled farther back in the hills, is Union Bowl, a dish of powder that can be reached only by snowcat.

There are no more than seven students for each seminar, and they are kept on the go. One skis at speed, over moguls, on ice when there is ice and on hard snow. There are classes in slalom skiing and ballet as well as excursions on cross-country skis. Indoor workshops deal with, among other subjects, care of the body and equipment, the psychology of high-risk sports and avalanches. "Ski instruction has always followed three basic rules: safety, fun and learning," says Muth. "We believe that these no longer entirely suffice for the advanced skier." For that person we want to be able to offer an element of risk as well.

The price of \$395 for the seminar includes four nights' lodging, all meals and the use of cross-country and ballet skis. Students generally bring their own basic equipment, e.g., slalom skis, if that's what turns them on. A snowcat, equipped with a roof, benches and a carpet, is being readied this year to take the students to out-of-bounds areas where powder is almost always plentiful and often untracked. There is one other luxurious touch. Skis are tuned, waxed and delivered to each participant with his bacon and eggs at breakfast. **END**

# CANADA



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# CANADA



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A *People*  
TODAY.**



# BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

## BANG THE DRUM LOUDLY FOR SOUTHPAW HENRY WIGGEN: BACK NOW IN A TRILOGY

There's nothing badful about Henry Wiggen.

I believe that someday I will be counted among the immortals and have my statue in the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown," he says. He hasn't gotten there yet, but he ought to. Henry Wiggen is one of the great characters of baseball fiction, ranking with Ring Lardner's Jack Keefe and Alibi Ike. He has been around for a quarter century, but because of the vagaries of publishing he has been harder and harder to find in the bookstores. Now he is making a comeback.

He is doing so thanks to Avon Books, a paperback house that, through its Bard series, is keeping in print a number of works of distinguished modern fiction. Under the title Henry Wiggen's Books (\$2.95) Avon has collected all three of Mark Harris' Wiggen novels: *The Southpaw* (1953), *Bang the Drum Slowly* (1956), and *A Ticket for a Seamstress* (1957). It's a fat book, 600 pages of rather small type, and a joy, not merely for anyone interested in serious American fiction.

In fact, at some point in the development of the Wiggen saga, Harris seems to have worried that readers might miss the essential seriousness of his labors. He prefaces *Bang the Drum Slowly* with a passage from Wright Morris' novel *The Horse Season* that reads in part: "... a book can have Chicago in it, and not be about Chicago." It can have a tennis player in it without being about a tennis player. He needs it; he's been so defensive. That these novels are about much more than ball-players and ball games is transparent to anyone who reads them attentively.

All three are "by" Henry Whittier Wiggen, who, as he writes *The Southpaw*, is 21 years old and has just completed a singularly successful rookie season with the New York Mammoths. A left-handed pitcher, he won 26 games in the regular season and two in the World Series and he was voted Most Valuable Player and Player of the Year.

The story of Henry Wiggen begins in the hamlet of Perkinsville, about half way between New York City and Albany. His father is a pitcher of considerable local renown, and Henry grows up with baseball at the center of his life. He soon enough becomes a scandal and high school star and is signed by the Mammoths. In December 1949, at the age of 18, he trains with the team at its Florida camp in Aqua Clara and is assigned to Queen City in the Four-State Mountain League, a Class AA franchise. In September 1951, he goes up to the Mammoths, scared but cocky.



# CANADA

Wiggen is in the Lardnerian tradition of brash, heroic innocence, but Harris is a more complex writer than Lardner, and Wiggen's progress through the three novels is scarcely the same as Jack Keefe's through the *You Know Me Al* novel and stories. Keefe is basically the same naive blowhard at the end as at the beginning, but Wiggen matures considerably. His self-confidence is undiminished, but he has a clearer understanding of the world and his own place in it. Perhaps Harris' finest accomplishment is that he makes this growth not only believable, but also wholly natural.

It is unfair to say of Harris, as some reviewers have, that he is a Lardner imitator, but a few similarities certainly exist. Through Wiggen, Harris writes in a carefully controlled vernacular, his spelling and punctuation are those of a writer of limited education (though not as limited as Keefe's).

His ballplayers do a lot of the things Lardner's did: harmonize, brag about their romantic conquests, cuss out the owner and the manager. And Wiggen's excuse making would do Alibi like proud. "They scored three off me at the third on a pop-fly home run by Brooks."

But Lardner's fictions are observations, satirical reports on people and environments; Harris's are explorations that go deeper. *The Southpaw*, though superficially the record of a baseball season, is really about Wiggen's gradual disenchantment with the game's power structure and his evolving determination to be his own man. *Rage the Drum Slowly*, which tells the sad story of a young catcher's slow death from Hodgkin's disease, is about the preciousness of life and time. Only *A Ticket for a Steamstitch*, written when Harris appears to have tired of his subject, is little more than a diverting tale.

*The Southpaw* is the best of the lot. It skillfully employs the natural structure provided by the baseball season, it is funny, subtle and affecting, and with rough eloquence it breathes life into the romance of baseball and youth. "Even now . . . I think of Squarehead Flynn and Sad Sam Yale and the whole of that spring from Aqua Clara north, the winging, the bus ride, the trains, Patricia Moors and Scooter Lane, day games, night games, laughing and crying, Patricia crying in Aqua Clara, mostly a happy time, for it was a good club, maybe even a great and immortal club, and that was the best spring of my life, the spring when the dream came true."

*Rage the Drum Slowly* is moving without being morose, a genuinely touching look at the capriciousness of fate and the ways we try to cope with it. *A Ticket for a Steamstitch* is an entertainment, a pleasant one but a mere postscript to the others. Taken as a whole, however, the trilogy is a substantial work. Toward the end of *The Southpaw*, Henry Wiggen asks, "Why does not somebody write I decent book about baseball . . ." In *Henry Wiggen's Books*, Mark Harris has done just that—and quite a lot more. **END**



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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

## BLAST FROM THE PAST

The Pennsylvania Athletic Commission is now considering granting Frank (Blinky) Palermo, one of the most vicious thugs in the history of boxing, a license to manage. The commission might heed these words from Jackie Leonard, a Los Angeles promoter who was brutally beaten in 1959 after testifying that Palermo and Frankie Carbo, then the underworld boss of boxing, had tried to muscle in on the earnings of welterweight champion Don Jordan.

Leonard writes, "I strongly object to this man being issued a license that is a privilege. I thought and understood when I testified against Carbo, Palermo & Co. that, if convicted, these people would not be allowed back in the fight game."

"I have been looking over my shoulder and living in another country for most of the past 17 years because of having the courage to stand up and be counted."

"I was in boxing all of my life and very successful, when overnight I was out and on the run, not from being crooked, but for being honest."

"I can't return to my country, because of fear—let alone return to boxing. . . . In essence, what I am trying to say [is] that if Mr. Palermo is 'rehabilitated,' he should seek employment elsewhere, not in the sport that he and his group nearly ruined."

"I am 60 years of age and would like more than anything in the world to return to my country . . . but under the circumstances I will probably never be able to return."

## SURPRISE SURPRISE

Maybe it has to do with the dreary weather in most of the country, or with something in the air, but the unexpected has become commonplace. Within a day of each other, two heavyweight favorites, Muhammad Ali and Bella Abzug, both got licked. Bob Howsam, president of the Reds, decided not to sue Bowie Kuhn because the baseball commissioner had rejected the Vida Blue deal. Finally, there

is Wayne Hill, who returned his paycheck after refereeing the Haskell Indian Junior College-Johnson County Community College game in Overland Park, Kans. On the back of the envelope containing his \$40 check, Hill wrote, "I feel I don't deserve this. I called a crappy game tonight."

## LOOK BEFORE YOU DUNK

Overexuberance, which cost the University of Miami a swimming meet against Florida when Miami swimmers leaped into the pool to celebrate a last-minute victory while a Florida man was still in the water (SCORECARD, Feb. 20), has struck again, this time costing the Southern Connecticut State Owls a 70-69 win over Springfield in basketball. After the buzzer the ball was rolling down the court and Byron Breland of the Owls picked it up and tried to dunk it. Referee Joe Soskovic called a technical foul, and a Springfield player sank the free throw to tie the score. Coach Ed Brown of Southern Connecticut refused to allow his team back on the floor for the overtime period, and so Soskovic awarded Springfield a 2-0 forfeit victory. The Eastern College Athletic Conference upheld the forfeit, ruling that Soskovic had every right to call the technical because a referee's authority does not end until he approves the final score.

## SUPER WEEKEND

Coach Joe Paterno of Penn State has his own ideas on just how to determine the No. 1 college football team. "I'd come out of the bowl games with four teams," he says. "Then I'd play the semifinals when the pros are playing theirs, maybe the day before and possibly at the same sites. Then we'd play our championship game on Super Saturday, the day before Super Sunday, again at the same place. Make it a Super Weekend."

"I'd give the participating teams a fixed sum, enough to make it worth their while. I think we could get \$10 million out of the playoffs. . . I'd take the bulk

of the money and establish an NCAA Bank, just like the World Bank that helps underdeveloped countries. And I wouldn't touch that money for five years, until it reached a certain figure, maybe \$50 million. Then if a college wanted, say, to build a field house for women, I'd loan them a million at two percent."

"With all this money building up, we could help schools with financial needs. Think of what we could have done to help in that Evansville basketball tragedy. But nobody wants to buy this idea because they think it's too much, too big to accomplish. We just don't have enough people to think big. But it would be very easy to do."

## UPS AND DOWNS

Fifteen runners followed in Kang Kong's tracks last week in the First Empire State Building Run-Up. The course, from



the ground-floor lobby to the 86th floor observatory, was 1,575 steps, approximately a quarter-mile. The entrants, who wore T-shirts depicting the big ape climbing the building, included Chloe Foote, a mother of five, and George Spitz, 55, a frequent political candidate. Spitz finished 13th, right behind Mrs. Foote. "She has beautiful legs," said Spitz, "and I just followed them up the last 44 flights."

The winner was Gary Muhreck, 37, a former New York City fireman, who took the steps two at a time and finished in 12 minutes, 32 seconds. "I used the handrail a lot," said Muhreck. By elevator, it takes one minute and 30 seconds to reach the 86th floor. Muhreck, who had never  
continued

been to the Empire State Building before, entered the race "because it was there." For winning, he received a scale model of the Empire State Building and some unwanted flack, after his picture appeared in the *Daily News*. Several persons recognized him as a "disabled" fireman who has been collecting a tax-free pension of almost \$12,000 a year since he retired in 1973 with a back injury. The Fire Department is investigating.

#### HARRIMAN

The name of E. Roland Harriman, the former chairman of Union Pacific and the American Red Cross, who died last week at the age of 82, is not likely to receive instant recognition from this generation of sports fans, but had it not been for Harriman, harness racing would not be the thriving sport it is today.

The son of E. H. Harriman, the "robber baron" who battled J. P. Morgan and James J. Hill for control of Western railroads, and the younger brother of Averell, Harriman grew up near Goshen, N.Y., which is rich in harness-racing tradition. A gifted amateur driver in his teens, he saved trotting from oblivion in 1923 after Wallace's *Register and Wallace's Year Book*, annual volumes that printed detailed racing and breeding records, ceased publication. Harriman bought them up and presented them to the Trotting Horse Club of America, which he helped found. The club began publishing new volumes annually and issuing breeding certificates. As the president of The Hambletonian Society, Harriman helped make The Hambletonian Stake the most important trotting race in the country. Two of Harriman's standardbreds, Titan Hanover and Flirth, went on to win the Hambletonian.

In 1938, Harriman brought together a number of regional groups as the United States Trotting Association, which became the sport's governing body. Shortly afterward, Harriman received what he called the greatest compliment in his life. An old horseman approached the millionaire Easterner and said, "Mr. Harriman, I can't wait to get back to North Dakota and tell those fellows there that you're not the son of a bitch they think you are."

#### TILT

If nothing else, the first national pinball tournament, held last week in Chicago, shattered stereotypes. Instead of fast-

talking wisenheimers who polished their games in seedy bars, the 20 qualifiers were mostly teen-agers who learned to play in suburban shopping malls. Jeff Cohen, 11, of Peoria, who came in fourth, got started two years ago when his mother took him shopping, handed him a couple of bucks and said, "Make it last." Cendra Jahng of Miami, 18, the only female qualifier and the 10th-place finisher, learned pinball from her boyfriend, and so well that she beat him in the South Florida finals 14 months later.

The machines are also new, with digital scoring, memory banks and names such as *Power Play*, *Mata Hari*, *Black Jack* and *Eight Ball*. They are fast enough to test the reflexes of the best flipper whackers, and in pinball, skill is about 75% of the scoring and flipper play about 75% of the skill. The winner was Ken Luncford, 19, a Piggly Wiggly stockroom clerk from Columbus, Ga., who spun 1,303,560 in four games on *Eight Ball* to take first prize, a sports car.

#### DOG DAYS

While all was serene at the Westminster Kennel Club show in New York last week, doggy doings were causing a hubbub in Britain. Crufts in London attracted a record entry (10,075 dogs, as compared to only 3,079 for Westminster), and a lot of suspicious owners guarded their dogs closely in fear of attacks by rival breeders. Winning means money—best-in-show at Crufts is worth about £40,000 in stud fees and endorsements—and last fall a chow valued at £5,000 was fatally poisoned at a show in Stafford, a nasty bit of business that *The Observer* called "a particularly drastic but by no means isolated example of skulduggery."

There were jeers at Crufts for a dachshund judge, Edward Crowley, who breeds beagles for medical research but emphatically denies supplying dogs for vivisection. As Crowley left the ring after four hours of heckling, a group surged toward him, shouting "Scum!" Twelve bobbies formed a ring around Crowley and after what the *Daily Express* termed "a brief outbreak of fierce scuffling," they escorted the pale and shaken judge down a back exit to safety.

Moreover, the Kennel Club is under attack for its men-only administration. Mrs. Florence Nagle, an eightyish lady known as "the Mother of the Modern Irish Wolfhound," is bringing suit under the Sex Discrimination Act. She is a for-

midable foe. A fine trainer of racehorses, she went after the Jockey Club a decade ago and won the right for women trainers to hold licenses under their own names.

While doggy people are being beastly to one another, anti-dog folk have been gathering forces by focusing on what is genteelly called the "fouled pavements" issue. The newest champion of the anti-dog crowd is Polly Tynbce, granddaughter of the late historian. She caused an uproar a few weeks ago with a biting article in the *Manchester Guardian* in which she wrote, "I read with glee the stories of the Chinese rounding up city dogs and herding them into electrified fences."

A group called Pro-Dogs is mounting a counterattack. Mrs. Scott Ordish, the founder and a justice of the peace, says of the poisoned chow, "I do wonder if it was anything to do with one of these dog haters. I just can't believe it could be the work of someone showing dogs. No one who loved dogs could do such a wicked thing."

#### THEY SAID IT

• Robert S. Hillman, chairman of the Baltimore Civic Center Commission, on the longstanding city ordinance banning Sunday boxing: "As far as I am concerned, it doesn't make sense to allow 60,000 people to go out to Memorial Stadium on Sunday and watch 22 men beat the hell out of each other and then stop 10,000 people from watching two men fight."

• Basketball official Jack Manton: "It's true that the ACC is the top league in the country. When you leave a gym in the SEC or Metro 7, they pour Billy Beer on your head. In the ACC, they soak you with Jack Daniel's."

• Jim Bouton on his attempts to make a comeback as a major league pitcher at age 38: "This winter I'm working out every day, throwing at a wall. I'm 11-0 against the wall."

• Debbie Leonard, coach of the Duke women's basketball team, which has no scholarships, after a 103-39 loss to Maryland: "The worst thing our players did was fail to grow taller."

• Frank Robinson, newly appointed coach of the Baltimore Orioles, asked if he is going to be looking over the shoulder of Earl Weaver, the 5'8" manager: "I can look over his head, but I'm not after his job."

END

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**Sports Illustrated**

FEBRUARY 27, 1979

# HE'S THE GREATEST



# I'M THE BEST

*Ali was his man then and Ali is his man now, but when 24-year-old Leon Spinks attacked, both idol and the heavyweight title came tumbling down*

by PAT PUTNAM



They were facing the 10th round now, Muhammad Ali and the kid who had been 10 years old when Ali first won the world heavyweight championship. Ali's corner was worried. Leon Spinks, breathing easily while he listened to his trainer's whispered instructions, looked across the ring at the champion and grinned. Spinks raised his right glove and then dropped it, as though he were waving at an old friend.

In Ali's corner, several voices formed an unintelligible babble. "Will you all shut to hell up!" Angelo Dundee shouted. Then he said in Ali's ear, "You got to go get him. You can't wait any longer. You've given him too many rounds. You got to go get him now."

Sighing deeply, Ali nodded. Pain was digging at his ribs. After the fight he recalled this moment; he had wondered absently if a rib was broken. He licked blood from his split lower lip. The right side of his head throbbed from the pounding it had taken. He said later, "I recall thinking, 'That kid is a tough son of a bitch.' " Standing at the warning buzzer, Ali decided to end it, to stop the jackhammers that had been punishing his 36-year-old body. He moved forward into the ring.

The fight was being contested before 5,300 fans in the Pavilion at the Las Vegas Hilton and millions more watched on television around the world, but at this moment the two principals seemed suddenly very alone. They came together hard in the center of the ring. Slowly and reluctantly—for the first time all night—Spinks gave ground. Ali forced him into the ropes, pumped a furious combination to the body and rocked him with a right to the head.

Spinks was hurt, he tried to escape. Ali slammed a right to the jaw, half-spun him with a hook to the head, then pounded another right to the chin.

*continued*



*Wading resolutely in, Spinks ignored a blizzard of counterpunches to uncork hard right hands.*

#### THE BEST *continued*

Just as Ali had recalled his thoughts in his corner, Spinks remembers this moment. He said later that his mind flashed back to a long-ago day in St. Louis when his father told him he'd never amount to anything. "My dad had gone around and told people I would never be anything," Spinks said. "It hurt me. I've never forgotten it. I made up my mind that I was going to be somebody in this world. That, whatever price I had to pay, I was going to succeed at something."

Spinks, who is now 24, drew inspiration from the painful recollections. In

the next few moments the kid who had fought to survive in the streets seemed to return to the streets. With a grimace, his mouthpiece showing suddenly white, he lifted the fight from its plush surroundings and dropped it into a dark back alley in St. Louis.

At 6' 1½" and 197¼ pounds, Spinks is not a big heavyweight. Boxing experts had scoffed because his record was just about as unimpressive: after winning a gold medal at the Montreal Olympics, he had won six and drawn once in seven pro fights. But Spinks is well schooled. His body is always correctly squared, his elbows are tucked in, his stance solid and

well balanced. Even in his worst moments against Ali, he had command of his body. His jab is straight and strong; his hook powerful if not yet perfect. He has a tendency to come over the top with his right, like a baseball pitcher, or to loop it from the side, so that it resembles a hook instead of a cross. But he does that because he likes to plant his right foot closer than usual to an opponent. And mainly, as Sam Solomon, his trainer, says, "As tough as Spinks is, he is even more dangerous when he is hurt."

Now in the 10th round, Ali had hurt him, and Spinks attacked. Twice he banged the champion's body, then missed with a thunderous right. Backing away, Ali jabbed and threw a right. Spinks chased him, jabbing, missing with a right, then landing a hook to the body. He was still chasing Ali at the bell.

As the fighters passed on the way to their corners, Spinks grinned again and gave Ali a pat on the rump. Ali paused and stared at him. Then the champion shook his head and wearily walked to his corner.

When the bell for Round 1 rang there were 14 people around Ali's corner. Late in the fight there were as many as 18, all of them shouting instructions. Dundee had to shoulder his way through the mob to get up the steps at the end of each round. Now, as Dundee tried to go to work, Bundini Brown, Ali's longtime handler and cheerleader, pushed past Dundee and yelled at Ali, "You've got him, champ! You've got him!"

"Aw, shut up," Ali said.

Dundee resumed command. "You've got to keep the pressure on. Stay on him, don't let him rest. He's got to get tired soon."

Ali managed a small smile. "That's what you all keep telling me," he said. "The only one getting tired out there is me."

Early in the fight, Ali gave away rounds with reckless generosity, clowning, dancing, contemptuously refusing to punch, as he has so often done before. When pressed by Spinks, he would go into the rope-a-dope that had worked so well against George Foreman and Ken Norton and, to some extent, against Earnie Shavers. It is a simple ploy: while Ali rests against the ropes, his opponents tire themselves by hammering away ineffectually at a shield of forearms and gloves. Until now no one had solved it.

*Ali's plan was to concentrate on defense and wait for his young foe to tire. And he waited and waited.*





Spinks' counter-strategy was stunningly executed. One of the weapons he had feared most was Ali's jab, which neutralizes opponents while piling up points. To enfeeble the jab, Spinks pounded Ali on the shoulders and biceps whenever the champion went into his shell. He also drove occasional uppercuts between Ali's forearms, snapping his head back. By the late rounds Ali's jab was more push than punishing, and Spinks was able to walk right through it.

At other times when Ali covered up, Spinks would step farther than usual to Ali's left and loop crushing hooks into his lower back. After a few of those, Ali began to lower his arms to protect his body. Spinks then moved up, hooking from both sides up and over Ali's arms and scoring heavily to the ears and cheekbones.

By the 11th round, Ali had all but abandoned the rope-a-dope. "I kept waiting for him to run out of gas," Ali said later, "but he never did. I figured I had better stop waiting."

After 515 rounds of professional fighting, almost half that number in title defenses, Ali did not panic. His pride is immense; his courage is even greater. Seeing his title slipping, he fought Spinks in the 11th and 12th rounds at his own game, head to head, and he took both rounds. And late in the 12th round Ali thought he saw what he had been waiting for: Spinks beginning to fade.

With less than 20 seconds to go in the round, Ali double-jabbed, up and down, and then hooked Spinks to the head. Spinks appeared hurt. Quickly Ali moved in for the kill—but his opponent was not the groggy victim of fights past. Instead, Spinks belted him twice to the head. The bell sounded.

For a moment Ali stood watching as Spinks walked strongly and confidently to his corner. Ali's shoulders seemed to sag.

Coasting and trying to save what little strength remained, Ali did little in the 13th round. Then, before he could set himself in Round 14, Spinks swarmed over him again, forcing him back into his own corner, blasting him to the body.

Leaping to the top step again, Bundini yelled at Spinks, "You're all done, chump. You're all done."

Looking at Bundini over Ali's shoulder, Spinks laughed. The moment allowed Ali to escape, but only briefly.



*Spinks' bruising barrage forced Ali to abandon the rope-a-dope midway through the encounter*

Spinks chased him into another corner and hammered him three times to the body. Then he followed Ali to the ropes and whacked him three times to the head. At the bell, legs gone, arms leaden, Ali shuffled back to his corner.

"This is the ball game," Dundee told Ali. "You've got to go out and win this round big, real big. Look at him over there: he's out on his feet. He's shot his bolt. Hit him and he'll go."

Ali looked across the ring. For a man out on his feet, Spinks looked awfully strong, awfully fresh. If Ali had been less tired, he would have mentioned that to Dundee.

In Round 15, Ali was reborn in desperation. Willing his body to be young, he went out looking for the knockout he

knew he needed. As they closed, Ali said something to Spinks. Spinks nodded, and they both threw savage big punches. No more artistry, no more defense. Grunting, they put this one in the trenches.

Ali tagged Spinks with a right to the temple, and the challenger staggered. As Ali rushed in to put him away, Spinks sagged back into the ropes, took two more shots to the head—and then fought back with a left and a right.

Ali fired four punches. He took a jab, and then fired five more. But his moment had passed. Spinks hit him twice. Then he hit him three more times. He missed with a hook and almost fell. Recovering, he hooked Ali to the head, hurting him. Ali was in trouble. He took another straight right, and a right uppercut.

*continued*



Wary of it all, Ali slumps between rounds

#### THE BEST continued

Ali managed to fire off a weak hook, but at the bell Spinks hit him with a right and Ali nearly was floored.

Shaking his head, Ali staggered back to the crowd in his corner. There he waited for the decision.

Ali was already in Las Vegas when Spinks arrived 10 days before the fight. In four weeks the champion had trimmed down from 242 pounds to 224, mostly by dieting on juices and cereal and by working out in a rubber suit. Working with Luis Sarrea, another assistant trainer, Ali also had spent hours doing torturous exercises on the rubber table. "The table is agony," Sarrea said. "To get in shape Ali must be in agony. For this fight every day he was in agony."

"This time Ali is deadly serious," Dundee said. "He's paid his dues. He did all the physical things that made him great. He's been suffering on that exercise table. And he got a lot of rest."

While he rested, Ali thought of things that he would not tell the press. Today I will not tell them what great shape I am in; tomorrow I will not tell them how I am going to beat Spinks. After a 17-year

fibhuster, he had taken a vow of silence. "I've got nothing more to say," he said one day during early training in Miami, and after that he was mute. He spent most of his time in Las Vegas alone with his wife Veronica and his two daughters, Laila, 1½ months, and Hana, 19 months, in their 29th-floor penthouse suite in the Hilton. Alone is the way Veronica wants it.

Each morning Ali would get a 5 a.m. wakeup call from Gene Kilroy, his business agent. He would dress and then he would run alone 4½ miles around the Desert Inn golf course across the street from the Hilton. Around 6 in the morning, sometimes with Kilroy, sometimes alone, he would wander into the hotel coffee shop for breakfast.

Spinks regarded Ali's self-imposed silence with amusement—when he regarded it at all. There is a distressing tendency to think of Spinks, the ex-Marine who did not finish high school, as an illiterate at best and woefully stupid at worst. He is neither; Spinks crackles with a shrewd intelligence—he is merely unschooled. His gap-toothed appearance adds to the impression that he is dumb. Spinks shrugs that off as well. He has a removable bridge to fill the gap. The bridge is uncomfortable; therefore, the hell with it. As for the fight, "Hey, what is there to think about?" he said beforehand. "I've been fighting for my life since I was 10, so why is this fight different?"

Perhaps it was different, it was suggested, because Ali had been his idol for almost 20 years.

Spinks admitted that was true—outside of the ring. "Inside the ring," he said, "it's just like walking down the street and you bump into your cousin and he gets mad. He wants to fight. Now, you like your cousin, but when he draws back his fist, for a little while he ain't your cousin. People think I should be sitting around biting my nails. Hell, it's just another fight in a lifetime of fights. I'll fight Ali just like I'd fight any other guy who challenged me in the street. But I'll never say anything against him. I'm not going against the man. I'm just trying to beat him. He was my idol, he still is my idol—and when the fight is over he still will be."

Spinks made a short chopping motion with his right hand. "I don't listen to other people anyway. I don't listen because when I get in the ring they won't be doing my fighting for me. I don't care what

they say. I know where I'm at, and I know where I came from. And I'll never forget either. I came from poorness to try and find some meaning of life, and I'll never forget where I came from because I never want to go back."

In the ring the cards had been collected and were handed to Chuck Hall, the announcer. Both corners grew quiet; a hush fell on the room.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Hall said, "we have a split decision." When the booing died down, Hall read, "Judge Art Lurie scores it 143-142. Ali."

Again, boos from the crowd—but an early celebration began in the champion's corner. "Quiet!" Dundee shouted. "Let's hear it."

Turning to the second slip, Hall read, "Judge Lou Tabot scores it 145-140. Spinks."

Ali stared down at the floor. Spinks stared at Hall, who now began, "Judge Harold Buck scores it 144-141. Spinks. And the new..." A swelling roar drowned out the rest of the sentence.

Ali accepted the decision without complaint. Around him rose anguished cries of robbery, of a fix, of being had. Ali, now the ex-champion, walked to his dressing room. He was crying, but his head was held high. He ignored the madness all about him.

He sat down and sipped a glass of carrot juice. Sarrea, his face emotionless, knelt and began to remove Ali's shoes. Someone shouted, "It was robbery."

Ali's head came up. "Shut up! Nobody got robbed. I lost the fight."

The door burst open, and Michael Dukakis, one of Ali's sparring partners, flew into the room. He was furious. Indicting Ali's associates, he said to Ali, "They fed you a lot of crap. They told you you were in shape and you weren't. You listened to all the wrong people."

"That's right, not in shape," someone said, grabbing the excuse from the air.

"Oh, man," Ali said in disgust. "First I was robbed and now I'm not in shape. Why don't you listen? I was beaten. I lost. He won. Can't you understand that?"

In his dressing room Spinks quieted a small gathering. "Celebrate later," he said, "but now, first things first. Before anyone starts giving me must give our thanks to the Lord." The new heavyweight champion of the world led the prayer: "Dear God, thank you for an-

swering my prayers. Thank you for my not getting hurt, and for my man not getting hurt. Thank you for the miracle. All praise sweet Jesus."

Outside in the hall, Dundee and his wife Helen made their way to a post-fight party. His face a blank, Dundee pulled on a large cigar.

"I'm stunned," Helen said to her husband. "I feel like I'm coming apart."

"Stay calm," said Angelo.

"But how can you stay calm?"

He looked at her. "Because if I don't stay calm I'll get sick," he said.

Dundee shook his head. "I knew it was too close for comfort. I told him to stop fooling around. He was giving up too many rounds. But I heard the decision and I thought 'Well, what are you going to do; that's it.' I prepared myself for this day for a long time. I conditioned myself for it. I was young with him and now I feel old with him."

Not much later, at his own party upstairs in his room, Spinks was wearing the red WBC title belt. Champagne was uncorked. Congratulatory telephone calls and telegrams were pouring in.

A man at the telephone yelled at Spinks, "Hey, Leon, it's Western Union. They have a telegram from some guy claiming he's your relative. He wants you

to send him some money right now."

"Who is it?" Spinks asked.

The man at the telephone told him.

"I never heard of no dude like that,"

Spinks said. "Hang up."

In his room, Ali sprawled on his bed in a striped dressing gown and talked to anyone who came in. The door was wide open. No one was turned back.

A visitor said, "Hey, champ. . ."

"Don't call me champ," Ali said. "He's the champ. You don't have to call me champ to be my friend. I shall return. I'll let him hold the title for a few months and enjoy it. Then I shall return."

In other parts of the hotel, plans were being drawn for Spinks' future, if not Ali's. Bob Arum, who had promoted the fight, has a contract to stage Spinks' next three fights, and an option for three more. The hotel was flooded with possible opponents: Kenny Norton and Jimmy Young, Larry Holmes and Earnie Shavers. And with negotiators from Manila and Iran, Hong Kong and the Ivory Coast. The WBC was demanding that Spinks give Norton the first shot.

"I think right now it looks like an easy opponent in May and then Norton in September," Arum said. "Unless, of course, Ali wants a return match. We have a contract with CBS for Spinks' next

fight and the funds are not sufficient for a Norton fight. So Norton will be later—unless Ali is serious. There is no return contract, but Leon wants to fight him again. I think we'd be ingrates if Ali wanted to come back and somebody said no. I would feel lousy, and Leon really loves the guy. But I don't know. Do you think Ali will want to fight again?"

The answer was a resounding yes.

Late Friday night, two days after the fight, Leon Spinks stood at his hotel room window, staring out at the lights of Las Vegas.

"The thing I don't like," he said, "is people calling me the greatest. I am not the greatest. I may be the best young heavyweight, but he was the greatest. And he is still the greatest."

"I was very serious during the fight," he said, "but I also had a lot of fun. He kept saying things to me, trying to make me mad, but all he did was make me laugh. It was like he was telling me jokes. One time he called me a dirty name. I said, 'Oh, Ali, how could you say such a thing?' Can you imagine your idol calling you a dirty name?"

Around his waist Spinks was still wearing the WBC belt. He wore it as if it had been there all his life. And as if he planned never to take it off.

END

*Magnanimous in defeat, the swollen-faced old champion joined the new champion at a postfight conference. The Spinks Era. Ali allowed, will be brief*





*Brent Clark: a key witness challenges his ex-boss.*

## THE NCAA GOES ON THE DEFENSE

has said. Only the hapless. He has spoken of a "selective enforcement" policy where "sacred cows" (i.e., big-time football and basketball powers whose television presence enriches the NCAA's treasury) were allowed to graze contentedly outside the rules while others were intimidated within them. Fear and retribution, said Clark, are "very real" in the NCAA. Decisions—whom to grab, whom to grant untouchable status—came from "on high," Clark has told investigators for the subcommittee, which is chaired by Representative John Moss (D., Calif.).

And who was on high? Walter Byers. It was on Byers whom Clark came down hardest. He pictured the NCAA as no more than an extension of its executive

The first time Brent Clark remembers encountering Walter Byers was in the halls of the National Collegiate Athletic Association offices in Shawnee Mission, Kans. By Clark's definition, Byers is a remote, almost phantom figure there, scurrying up stairways to avoid elevators and seeing almost no one while exercising his immense authority as executive director of the NCAA and its 853 member institutions. Clark was fresh out of law school, a new member of the NCAA investigative staff. He said he introduced himself to Byers. "I said, 'Mr. Byers, I'm Brent Clark.' Byers looked at me and said, 'I know who you are.' That's all he said."

That was 2½ years ago. It is possible that Clark will encounter Byers again this week, or maybe next, in the halls of Congress during the long-awaited hearings into questionable aspects of the NCAA's operations by the House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations and that Byers will have much more to say. He

knows Clark pretty well. Perhaps better than Clark realizes.

Representative James Santini (D., Nev.), who instigated the hearings, calls Clark "the breakthrough" witness. Prize defector Clark, a full-time employee of the subcommittee since Feb. 1, reportedly will lend the proceedings what one member of the staff calls "an expertise."

Clark, it has been learned from congressional sources, has passed on to his new employers an elaborate scenario of an NCAA enforcement/penalty system corrupted by "vendettas" against schools and coaches. He has described a monolith that runs roughshod over due process and "preys on the weak and vulnerable," one that follows guidelines so vague, against a membership so untrained to combat it, that anybody could be caught sinning. "Give me six weeks," Clark maintained, "and I can put any school in the country on probation."

But "anybody" is not caught. Clark

*Congressman Santini is a major UNLV backer.*



*For years the NCAA, like the FBI, was immune from attack, but it now is facing a congressional investigation. A probing preview of the surprising charges and countercharges to be given an airing*

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

director's whims and prejudices. He said he did not think Byers an "evil" man, but that the NCAA was "an example of [an] organization that has come under the influence of one man, and the resultant tyranny that can grow out of [such a situation]." The NCAA, Clark said, was Byers' "alter ego."

The subcommittee, however, hasn't built its case solely on Brent Clark's accusations, and sources close to the investigation maintain that a productive set of hearings concerning NCAA misdeeds would have resulted without Clark's input.

Meanwhile, a different picture has emerged—this one of Clark himself—and if nothing else it reveals how ill defined a crusader can be. Last March Clark

*Chairman Moss takes the hearings very seriously*



sought advice from the outside about writing an exposé of the NCAA ("Maybe serious, maybe humorous," he said. "There are a lot of funny things that happen"). He said, "I don't need the money, I don't have to work, actually. I just always wanted to write."

A month later he wanted the job as the head of the NCAA's enforcement department. When Warren Brown resigned from that position, Clark asked Byers to consider him. He was discouraged, both by Brown and Byers; they said others were more qualified. Clark was 28, and one of the youngest men on the enforcement staff.

There is evidence, too, that Clark has political ambitions. The term "He has Pottomac fever" has been used to describe him in Oklahoma, his native state. He is quoted by a former colleague and friend in Kansas City: "In 10 years I'll be governor of Oklahoma." Clark has admitted as well that the NCAA might use his

more than casual concern for the Oklahoma football team to discredit him. Though by his definition Oklahoma would seem to deserve sacred-cow status, being one of the biggest of the money-making bigs, it had been severely penalized by the NCAA for cheating during Clark's days as a law student. He said an Oklahoma football coach told him when he took the job in Shawnee Mission, "You've seen the good side of sport—now you're going to see the other side."

As the hearings approached, however, Clark's "expertise"—his intimacy with the NCAA enforcement structure—was hardly that. Of all the myriad and complex NCAA operations, enforcement (catching crooks, judging them) is the most pilloried—and the least understood. Clark's analyses of both the procedure and his role in it, though quite sensational, often were confused and contradicted the interpretation of events at NCAA headquarters.

*continued*



*Walter Byers: the top man says he isn't worried.*

Recollecting his "only conversation" with Walter Byers, Clark, who now claims he left the NCAA because of growing disillusionment, says he called from Dallas to register concern about the system. Asked if he remembered such an expressed concern, Byers says no, but that when Brown resigned, Clark culled and asked to be "considered" for the job as head of the enforcement division. Back to Clark: Is that true? "Yes." Why didn't you say so in the first place? "I thought I did."

At week's end other facets of his "expertise" raised additional questions as to how star a witness Clark will be.

The hearings begin Feb. 27. As with most of their genre, the origin of these smacks of politics. Representative Santini is a basketball fan and an ardent supporter of the Nevada-Las Vegas team. The team is coached by the controversial and oft-investigated Jerry (Tark the Shark) Tarkanian. After Santini was angered by the NCAA's penalties against the UNLV basketball program and Tarkanian, his indignation wound its way to the offices of Representative Moss. A non-fan with 26 years' service in Congress, Moss said he wouldn't touch the issue if it were strictly a matter of Tarkanian and UNLV vs. the NCAA. But several other implications—anti-trust violations, property rights, due process trampled—apparently piqued Moss' interest.

An angry exchange of correspondence followed between Moss and Byers as to what right the subcommittee had to open to the public the confidential case files of NCAA schools under investigation. Moss gained momentum ("I have rarely seen an investigation so warmly embraced," he wrote Byers). At last count, 220 NCAA case files had been subpoenaed. And with Tarkanian finding into an unaccustomed place out of the limelight, the subcommittee's own five-man investigative team—none of whose members had previous knowledge of NCAA workings—fanned out across the country, visiting nine states, taking testimony from players, coaches, administrators and alumni who, at one time or another, had felt the NCAA's punitive whip, perhaps without fully appreciating who really wielded it.

As always, it is in the enforcement area where potential abuse of power makes the NCAA vulnerable. The process from accusation to penalty follows a narrow



Tarkanian's problems started all the questions

line between administrative and criminal law. The NCAA clings to the principles of the former in carefully worked-out "cooperative" arrangement of punitive action) while being attacked, as in this case, on tenets of the latter. It is a head-scratcher for the most experienced lawyers, this touchy business of policing oneself.

The enforcement staff (the "cops") is based in the three-story NCAA offices in Shawnee Mission, a suburb of Kansas City, where Byers has been known to use the elevator (Clark's recall notwithstanding. Byers remembers first meeting

Ohio State's Gerald was a coveted quarterback



Clark "on an elevator"). It is an 11-man force now headed up by Assistant Executive Director William B. Hunt, 34, a non-practicing lawyer and former Corpus Christi, Texas sportswriter, and David Berti, 31, a onetime MacMurray (Ill.) College basketball player and coach who was an economics major. Investigators range from an ex-FBI man to an ex-Notre Dame football player. Both Hunt and Berti had been there three years when Brent Clark arrived in July of 1975.

Clark is a slightly built, studiously articulate young (29) man with lank brown hair he parts in the middle and a boyish complexion marred only by a profusion of fine lines 'round the eyes that give him a look of perpetual alarm. An only child, Clark was raised in Holdenville, Okla. (pop. 6,000). On his desk at the NCAA office he kept a small glass bottle of crude oil, with a label attached, showing a number signifying its grade. He said he had collected it from a well sunk on the Clark ranch.

Although from a non-athletic background, Clark embraced Oklahoma football early. John Keith, the Oklahoma publicist, says Clark "eats, drinks and sleeps Sooner football." While a student, Clark tutored Oklahoma players and still flies to games whenever he has a chance. He also donates to the Oklahoma athletic program. "I sure am a big fan," he says. The fallout has begun in Oklahoma. The Sunday Oklahoman, predicting Clark would be a "blockbuster witness" at the hearings, last week called him a "semi-folk hero."

In Kansas, Clark was admired for his good living. He bought (and still owns) a house there, drove at various times a Mercedes 280SL, a new GM pickup and a Cutlass. He told one friend on the staff that his work there was "a kind of hobby," and when he quit with no job lined up, said, "I'll be able to get by on my \$65,000 a year."

Clark was the principal investigator on five cases during his 2½ years with the NCAA. SMU, Gambling, West Texas State, Mississippi and Arkansas. The investigations resulted in two penalties, against SMU and West Texas. SMU was his first case, a review after the school had served two years' probation on previous infractions. While on probation, SMU had extended the contract of Football Coach Dave Smith. Clark said this was interpreted as a "slap in the face"

continued

## MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH

Walter Byers, the only executive director of the National Collegiate Athletic Association has ever had, fits snugly into his niche in the power structure of American sports along with men like Pete Rozelle and Bowie Kuhn. Yet by design he is far less visible than either. At the NCAA's biggest championship event, the major-college basketball tournament finals, television cameras do not focus on Byers as they do on Kuhn in his box at the World Series and Rozelle in the locker room of the winning team after a Super Bowl game. Nor is Byers a sports fan in the sense Rozelle and Kuhn are. The final rounds of the basketball championship are the only major NCAA athletic events that Byers regularly attends. He sees perhaps two or three college football games a season.

On weekends, instead of heading for a college stadium or field house, Byers is far more likely to drive some 100 miles west of his Shawnee Mission, Kans. office to his 3,600-acre ranch north of Saint Marys, Kans. The ranch is situated on the edge of the quietly beautiful Flint Hills, one of the last areas of true prairie land left in America. Afoot or astride a horse, Byers happily works with his ranch hands, caring for 400 head of Hereford cattle and 200 yearling steers.

As the NCAA has been beset by more and more complicated and nagging legal problems, Byers has found his ranch to be a refuge from disputes about the NCAA's enforcement procedures, its relationship with the Amateur Athletic Union and the U.S. Olympic Committee, and from problems arising from implementation of federal regulations requiring equal opportunities and facilities in college athletics for men and women.

Byers' detractors often call him dictatorial, power mad and arrogant, and when he assumes what they regard as too dictatorial a role, some find him condescending. Yet almost everyone agrees on his intelligence and organizational shrewdness. Byers professes to be puzzled by charges that he is autocratic or seeks personal power. It does not square, he says, with his deliberate effort not to let the NCAA turn into a Hooveresque personality cult. To some, Byers represents what political scientists have called the bureaucratic dynamic, in which a capable bureaucrat gathers increasing power for his office rather than for himself. An undercurrent of feeling exists among some college administrators that the continuing struggle in the U.S. between States' Rights and Federalists is also being waged within the NCAA.

The NCAA is so structured that power flows naturally to its headquarters staff. The

presidency of the organization, membership in its council and its committee memberships rotate. "The only continuity of power lies with the staff," one athletic administrator says. Byers has the keenness, forcefulness and desire to use that power in what he thinks are the best interests of the organization. "He feels about the NCAA," the same administrator says, "very much the same way J. Edgar Hoover felt about the FBI." Until his death, Hoover, like Byers, was the only director his organization ever had.

When Ford Frick was commissioner of baseball, he became involved in a dispute with the NCAA over baseball's practice of plucking undergraduates off college teams. Of the NCAA, Frick said then, "It stands for no compromise, anytime, anyplace." Byers answered that baseball was quite simply in the wrong and there absolutely was no area for compromise on the issue.

Byers, 55, was born in Kansas City and was an all-city center on the Westport High School football team. After a year at Rice, where an ankle injury prevented him from playing football, he went to Iowa, where he was an English and journalism major.

After being discharged from the Army because of an eye defect, Byers worked for United Press bureaus in St. Louis, Madison, Wis., Chicago and New York City. Only in Chicago did he specialize in sports. He became acquainted there with Major John L. Griffith, who was commissioner of the Big Ten, and Tug Wilson, his assistant. After Wilson succeeded Griffith, he hired Byers as an assistant. The NCAA had been founded in 1906 (until 1910 it was called the Intercollegiate Athletic Association of the United States) but had never maintained a permanent headquarters and staff. Wilson was serving part time as NCAA secretary-treasurer, and Byers' duties involved some NCAA matters.

When the NCAA decided to set up a national headquarters it chose Byers as executive director in 1951. In the summer of 1952 he returned to his hometown and established the headquarters. The office staff consisted of Byers, Wayne Duke, his assistant and now commissioner of the Big Ten, two secretaries and a bookkeeper. Often when there was a big mailing to get out in those early days, Byers pitched in and helped stuff envelopes. Today all but a dozen or so members of the NCAA staff of 65 must make an appointment to see him. There is a strict, if unwritten code of behavior for NCAA staffers: no coffee breaks, no smoking on the premises, no eating at desks (Byers himself never lunches with members of his staff) and no inter-

office social visits during the working hours.

After occupying office space in downtown Kansas City for 21 years, the NCAA joined the flight from the inner city to the suburbs. In 1973 it moved into its own \$1,800,000 cement-and-glass building, which appears to stand on rows of stilts, in the eastern part of Johnson County, Kans., one of the most affluent and safely Republican counties in the country.

Byers says he is neither a Republican nor a Democrat but willingly grants his own conservatism. In 1970 when then Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew attacked the media, Byers voted in the NCAA News his admiration for "the punching style of the 39th Vice-President of these United States." He praised Agnew for having taken on the Eastern communications establishment. Byers still finds fault with the Eastern press, which, he says, "believes it is cosmopolitan, but actually is probably the most provincial in the country."

Byers dresses carefully. At one time he wore a veritable uniform, either sedate dark suit or blue blazer, gray trousers, button-down shirt and black knit tie. When a colleague once asked, "Walter, why always that same black tie?" Byers replied, "It's one less decision to make early every day." Today Byers sometimes permits himself bright plaid jackets and less somber neckties. Cowboy boots go with almost everything. Byers now wears his sideburns long and thick. "You have to change with the times," he explains. Byers' prose style is customarily sober and analytical but occasionally he allows himself vivid verbal bursts, as when in 1971 he called agents for college athletes not only "obnoxious" and "despicable" but also "locusts who eat the greenery with no regard for the good of the shrub."

When Byers took over, the NCAA had 381 member institutions. Today there are 853. The organization's first television contract in 1952 for rights to NCAA football games brought \$1,144,000. In 1977 the NCAA showed television income of \$24,050,000, about \$18,000,000 of that from football and more than \$4,000,000 from the basketball championships.

As the NCAA prepares to face in the upcoming congressional hearings what could be a threat to its autonomy, Byers remains characteristically confident and outwardly unperturbed. But he grants that sometimes he recalls fondly and wistfully those simpler days when the NCAA's executive director found it possible to function also as a competentable part-time envelope stuffer and whiz on the postal meter.

—TED O'LEARY

by the NCAA. He said Bersi was "stomping on the desk" because Smith had been found guilty of infractions in the previous investigation. He said Bersi told him to "zero in" on Assistant Coach Julius Glosson, who would be "easy pickings," being a black coach recruiting ghetto athletes.

Clark said when he finished his investigation "there wasn't much there at all. The case file was filled with unsubstantiated allegations based on flimsy evidence." The indictment he helped present to the Committee on Infractions, which judges and sentences, included allegations that Rod Gerald, a quarterback from Dallas who eventually wound up at Ohio State, was given jewelry, an automobile and a large amount of cash. Those charges were not upheld by the Committee on Infractions.

What was found, according to Clark, was that Glosson merely bought an illegal meal for Gerald and his girl (a check stub was evidence) and paid overnight lodging for both, and that Gerald received \$10, a total transaction of about \$25. SMU's probation was extended another year, and "the institution was put into a position where it had to fire Smith and his entire staff." Smith and Glosson are now out of football.

Clark said when the pieces of the puzzle began to fit later, he found such retaliatory conduct to be the rule "in case after case after case." He said NCAA policy was for the field investigator "not to worry about the truth, just bring in the information and we'll decide . . . what to allege." He said, "It didn't matter what went into the O-I [Official Inquiry—a statement of allegations to the school preceding the hearing] . . . and it really didn't matter what was found. What was important, of course, was what penalty was applied."

He said, "In case after case we were directed . . . to dig up information which was unsubstantiated, which was alleged, which led to findings, which led to penalties, which were totally and completely motivated by something besides reports of violations." Both Hunt and Bersi routinely deny these charges as absurd. Among other flaws in the system Clark had "pieced together":

- There is "no statute of limitations." A school could be under the gun for five years, its case file burgeoning, and then when charges were made, "have only 60 days to respond."

- During an investigation, a school "gets absolutely no cooperation from the NCAA."

- In three cases he investigated, he "had the goods" on violators but did not get a conviction. "Sacred cows?" "It's true, it's true." He said he had found a "very serious problem at a big school in regard to the use of agents who negotiated contracts, and the hardship draft, and I had a case built—but those folks were too big."

- Investigations were "based on factors . . . other than those stated in the manual—reports of violations."

- Institutions which raise questions or do not cooperate "to the best interests of Walter Byers and the NCAA tend to suffer in the end."

"The bottom line" in all instances, he said, "is Walter Byers."

At face value, Clark's earnestly delivered declarations against the NCAA are grim indeed. The premise that Byers somehow controls the cases to be judged and the judgment of the cases suggests not only a Machiavellian influence but a sinister coercion of massive proportions—the manipulation of people not only below him in the enforcement process but above him as well. People who have no day-to-day contact with him; who in some cases have never seen the inside of his Shawnee Mission domain, who, in fact, are not even on his staff. Who, in fact, are the enforcement heart of the NCAA.

It is when his arguments reach that extreme that Clark strains credibility. Despite Byers' reputation as an autocratic administrator, the "heart" of the enforcement system is not Byers. The heart is the Committee on Infractions. And who and what is that? Five men, elected to three-year terms, serving without pay to establish the rules and make the judgments on all investigative and punitive actions, the legal checks and balances that make the system tick. The formula has been hammered out over a 20-year period, but, says committee member Dr. William Matthews of the University of Kentucky, "It is a constantly evolving thing," especially now in this age of litigation.

And who are these five men? Currently, Dr. Arthur Reynolds, dean of the graduate school and professor of history at the University of Northern Colorado, the chairman. Dr. Matthews, a professor of law and dean of the Kentucky law school

for 16 years, Harry M. Cross, a law professor at the University of Washington and former NCAA president, Dr. Jack Sawyer, a professor of mathematics and computer science at Wake Forest, and Charles Alan Wright, professor of law at the University of Texas, who "wrote the book" on procedure—13 volumes, entitled *Federal Practice and Procedures*.

As interpreted by Dr. Matthews, here is how the system protects itself against a breakdown of the overwhelming proportions outlined to the congressional sources by Clark:

- Byers has no input at hearings. He isn't even allowed to attend.
- Punishments are determined strictly by the vote of the five men, "butting it around in private" after a hearing. Majority rules.

- Allegations and charges from almost any source can be filed through channels, and Byers is a perfectly legitimate conduit. Byers himself says he "frequently" submits memos when tipped by someone from this or that school. Every memo and nit-picking shred of evidence goes into a "raw file."

- The raw file, however, is never seen by the Committee on Infractions; only "substantial allegations" are allowed to be presented at hearings. "Anonymous witnesses" are never accepted.

- Clark is right that evidence of charges is not provided the institution—for "three good reasons": 1) to allow the institution to investigate itself and thereby increase its chances for a "lesser penalty"; 2) to make it tougher if an institution is tempted to suborn the process; 3) to help the members police the police force—that is, cover the steps taken by the investigators in the field.

- An institution that is "not ready" for a hearing is not confined to the 60-day period between notification and hearing; there is no set period, and extensions are frequently granted.

As for the SMU case, Matthews said he was obliged not to speak specifically, but as a normal procedure the Committee on Infractions leans harder on a school that "does not keep its nose clean" after being previously penalized. At those times, a lesser violation might carry a greater weight than it would if the school had not already been caught cheating. The "flimsy evidence" Clark spoke of, but did not detail besides Glosson's minor transgressions, actually included violations of six NCAA bylaws and one

continued



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NCAA constitutional law that were found by the Committee on Infractions

Under such a system, could a "sacred cow" survive? Maybe. Anything is possible. Byers is a powerful figure, not to be underestimated. But to do it, he would not only have to have his investigative staff in his pocket but also at least three members of the Committee on Infractions, and be prepared to re-indoctrinate them every three years as terms expired. As for practical application, there seems to be some confusion as to who is protecting whom. Since Dr. Matthews has been on the committee, his own school, Kentucky, was hit with a stiff two-year probation; Michigan State was penalized when Dr. Jack Fuzrik, an associate dean, was president of the NCAA. One more Bill Hunt, head of the enforcement division, is from SMU.

Is the system foolproof? No, says Dr. Matthews, "but in the cooperative principle of administrative law it is the only way for us to go." To revert to criminal proceedings, and a true "adversary" procedure, he says, would require subpoena powers and endless parades of witnesses and a massive police force 100 times the size of Hunt's group and would result in a climate so unsavory that most institutions would "as soon give up athletics" as operate in it.

Do college athletic officials understand the present system? Not well. It even baffles half the lawyers, says Dr. Matthews. A lawyer from Moss' own staff had to have an NCAA attorney explain the process to him, according to Byers. Ironically, Tarkanian himself, the catalyst of the hearings, is confused about whom to blame. He said the culprit was an enforcement agency "running rampant." He said evidence was improperly found and that sworn affidavits of his innocence were ignored. He professed, however, a "great respect and admiration" for the Committee on Infractions, "honorable men doing a job."

What, then, are the hearings likely to reveal? A lot, probably—at least in the form of charges and countercharges. Witnesses at subcommittee hearings cannot label or be labeled. A full-scale hearing must be in prospect.

Who is likely to bear the brunt of it? The outer limits of the NCAA's investigative process—Hunt's group and its activities in the field, farthest away from scrutiny, where the lines of truth can blur on both sides. The subcommittee has

found "problems of due process" everywhere, problems that make the process "a farce," says one source, and it would be wrong to assume that he is referring entirely to hearsay and sour grapes.

The voices already are warming up. Jim Treat, a Tulsa businessman who claimed the NCAA was "out to get him" in the Oklahoma State probation, has likened Bill Hunt's operation to the "Gestapo." He calls the proceedings a "star chamber," the Council (the NCAA's ruling body) "a circus" and the infractions committee a "Gong Show." Treat was enjoined from contact with the Oklahoma State athletic program by the Big Eight Conference in February 1975, for hiding a prospect. He claims Ron Straten, one of Hunt's investigators, identified himself as a federal agent to obtain information. Treat said he is scheduled to be heard at the hearings, which may be spread over the next several weeks.

The chorus will grow. One former Long Beach player quoted David Berst as saying, "We're out to get Tarkanian." Another said investigator Lester Burks was interested in information only about illegal recruiting at Las Vegas, not at the other schools the player told him about. An athlete's father in Arkansas said Bill Hunt had telephoned him and said that if the boy "left the state" to go to school he would be investigated.

While his colleagues on the subcommittee prepared for the onslaught, Clark spent last week in Steamboat Springs, Colo. "doing what I always do—skiing." Clark, who said he had planned the vacation months ago, said he was "smiling I'm happy."

David Berst recalls a last "difficult" time with Clark, when Clark was not smiling. It led, as a last straw, to a recommendation to Byers that Clark be fired. Byers postponed any decision until after Christmas. By then Clark had resigned. Clark was preparing for his weekend's enjoyment then, too, but there had been a court order and certain files had to be packaged and shipped to Washington. Berst asked Clark to come in with him on Sunday to finish the job. Clark told him it was girls' work and to get somebody else. Berst said he wanted Clark, "since you and I started this thing." Clark said, "I won't be there."

The shipment Berst was preparing contained the subpoenaed files for the House subcommittee.

END

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The Anchorage Northern Knights are getting along just fine in the Eastern Basketball Association. Strike you as odd? Check it out in your atlas by JOHN PAPANKE

## NORTH FOR SURE BUT ALSO EAST

The handbox gym at Anchorage West High School, capacity 4,000, was filled to overflowing for the first time since one evening last winter when West High beat East High 69-58 for the state Region IV championship—and that was about as big a basketball game as Alaska had ever seen. But on this particular Saturday night in November the guys on the court were certainly not high-schoolers. These were pros and this was opening night. Their flashy uniforms, their size, strength and amazing grace were unlike anything ever seen in Alaska.

The crowd was screaming at the ferocious high-speed dunks the visiting Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Barons were throwing down through the south basket as they warmed up for the scheduled 7:30 tip-off. Suddenly, 6' 10" Joe Newman scored in to ram one. On the way down, the ball struck the front of the rim with such

force that the fan-shaped glass backboard shattered into a thousand pieces. There was a long "oooooh" from the crowd, followed by a stunned silence. Hardly anyone present had ever seen a backboard shatter like that.

At the other end of the court, the hometown Northern Knights were also warming up. After a few routine layups and some careful dunks, Ron Davis, a 6' 7" rookie forward from Washington State, caught the rim on a slammer and there was another sudden crash, another shower of glass. Both backboards now were in pieces on the floor.

Rick Smith, the Knights' 33-year-old president, was beside himself. He had already made an emergency trip to a nearby gas station to find a replacement fuse for the 24-second clock. There was a contingency plan for one broken backboard, but not for two. Even so, it was announced that two new boards were on the way.

On the floor, high school gymnasts tumbled themselves dizzy while 4,021 fans waited patiently. As the "short de-

*Anchorage Forward Greg Ball enjoys a basic home-court advantage over two Brooklynites*

history of Alaska. After Alaska had waited 92 years to become a state, and 18½ more to get its first professional sports franchise, who besides the 100 who left was going to let a two-hour delay stand in the way of being in on history?

With two new backboards in place (one was removed from a neighboring junior high school, the other discovered in a storeroom) and a strict "no dunking" rule in effect, the Anchorage Northern Knights, led by Davis' 30 points and 17 rebounds, beat the Wilkes-Barre Barons 117-112 on opening night in the Eastern Basketball Association.

The Eastern Basketball Association? Ludicrous, you say? That is exactly what the owners from the nine other clubs in the 32-year-old circuit thought when the idea was first presented to them. A league that was founded in Pennsylvania, and with teams in Wilkes-Barre, Lancaster and Allentown, Long Island (Commack), Brooklyn, Providence, Jersey Shore (Asbury Park), Quincy (Mass.), Washington, D.C.—and Anchorage?

But in an insane sort of way, maybe the arrangement is not so ludicrous. "After all," says Smith, "few people realize that Alaska contains not only the northernmost point in the United States, Point Barrow, but also the westernmost and the easternmost." There is no disputing him. Just a few miles west of Amatignak Island in the Aleutians (179° 10' west longitude), across the 180th meridian, is Pocham Point, 179° 46' east.

Smith knows his trivia. More to the point, he knows success. In the face of the initial skepticism, born of what seemed the fundamental folly of joining a league whose nearest member is almost 5,000 miles away, and having had to put up with cracks like "Do you have an igloo big enough to play in?" Smith now is enjoying all the laughs. The Northern Knights have proved that selling professional basketball to Alaskans is not nearly as difficult as selling them, say, refrigerators. If they like the product, they will buy it. And after the first three months of the EBA season, the Knights have an 18-5 record and are in first place in the Western Division—which was created this season—2½ games ahead of Wilkes-Barre. The Alaskans also boast an av-

continued



erage attendance of 2,400, more than twice as big as next-best Quincy (950), and 1,650 better than the league average of 750. There is, of course, a perfectly rational explanation.

In his recent book on modern-day Alaska, *Coming Into the Country*, John McPhee takes a rather harsh but accurate view of Anchorage, a city that has grown like a weed since oil was discovered in 1968 in Prudhoe Bay, some 700 miles to the north, and construction began on the Trans-Alaska Pipeline in 1974. Writes McPhee: "Almost all Americans would recognize Anchorage, because Anchorage is that part of any city where the city has burst its seams and extruded Colonel Sanders.... It has come in on the wind, an American sport. A large cookie cutter brought down on El Paso could lift something like Anchorage into the air. Anchorage is the northern rim of Trenton, the center of Oxnard, the ocean-blind precincts of Daytona Beach. It is condensed, instant Albuquerque."

While other outsiders have found

much to admire about Anchorage—the warmth of its people, its proximity to dazzling mountains, glaciers and bountiful waters, and the vast wilderness that begins just a couple of miles out of town—the seam-splitting urgency mentioned by McPhee is inevitably what gave birth to professional sports. Since 1968, the city's population has nearly doubled, to 200,000, and by 1988 is projected to reach 260,000, slightly smaller than the city of Wichita, Kans. The average citizen is 24.2 years old, earns close to \$25,000 annually and has precious little to spend it on, save for food and drink. Anchorage has one of the five highest-grossing McDonald's in the world. Most bars stay open, and busy, until 5 a.m. Seven days a week, and all the liquor stores remain open on Sundays. A local maxim goes: "Anything stays open in Anchorage if it pays."

But what the people of Anchorage are starved for is entertainment, especially in winter, when the combination of cold temperatures—15° F on the average—and short daylight hours—the sun does not rise until well after 9 a.m. and sets by 3 p.m.—makes for the Alaskan malady known as cabin fever. A professional repertory theater is in its second season, but "name" entertainment is scarce because West High School, which has the city's largest sports facility, also has the largest auditorium, 4,000 seats, and it is booked for school and civic events almost around the clock. Big-name rock groups, big-name entertainers, major symphony orchestras and ballet companies often find themselves technically in Anchorage but only because its airport serves as a refueling point on routes to the Orient and The Lower 48. Loren Lounsbury, former president of the Anchorage Chamber of Commerce, is one of the chief proponents of a plan to build a civic center that would accommodate the performing arts, conventions and sports events. "People here are hungry for what they had outside," he says.

That same thought occurred to Rick Smith about two years ago. He began discussing getting a pro team for Anchorage with Mike Shupe, a friend since their high school days at West and now the owner of an enormously successful bicycle shop in which Smith is employed as general manager. Shupe also owns an expanding snow machine (Alaskans never say "snowmobile") distributorship. They convinced each other that pro sport

in Anchorage was an idea whose time had come.

For advice they went to Jack Brushert, the 30-year-old general manager of the Anchorage Glacier Pilots, an amateur baseball team that has successfully recruited some of the country's best college players and since 1969 has turned a profit. The summertime beauty of the land, the promise of high-paying jobs, first-rate competition in the Alaska League—which plays 48 games and consists of the Fairbanks Goldpanners, Kenai Oilers and Palmer Valley Green Giants, in addition to the Glacier Pilots—and an almost guaranteed trip to the annual National Baseball Congress Tournament in Wichita, has over the years attracted collegians such as Tom Seaver, Chris Chambliss, Bump Wills, Dave Winfield, Graig Nettles, Randy Jones and Rick Monday. Brushert also flies in three visiting teams each year, picking up all expenses, to play 10 to 15 games among the four league members. The Pilots always sell out their 440 box seats at \$110 per, and draw an average crowd of 1,700.

Brushert told Smith and Shupe that if baseball was this successful in Anchorage, then pro basketball could not miss. Basketball has traditionally been the most popular sport in the state, even bigger than ice hockey, which suffers, among other things, from a shortage of suitable rinks. Brushert said that a pro basketball team would have to operate like his baseball team: make terms of employment sweet enough to attract the best coach and players possible, and most important, be prepared to pick up all the expenses of visiting teams, at least in the early stages. "But all this is contingent on having a winning team," Brushert told them. "People here are willing to take a chance on anything or they wouldn't have come to Alaska in the first place. But they won't support a loser."

Smith certainly qualifies as one willing to take a chance. He was working his way up the ladder at Union Oil a few years ago when he decided that "the corporate thing was not my style." Counting on his fingers, he says, "I bet I have 10 friends my age who have become millionaires here in the last five years." So last summer he decided he would have a go at becoming Alaska's first professional sports baron. He went about Anchorage collecting investors for his basketball scheme, winding up with 75 in all, rang-



Straw busters are featured at a concession



ing from the very wealthy, like his friend Shupe, to "just plain folks" who pitched in as little as \$500. The list includes students, a chef on the pipeline, a commercial artist, a couple of bar and restaurant owners, and a drilling mud salesman. Soon he had a \$40,000 net and, along with Brushert, who had agreed to become the Northern Knights' general manager, set out to find a league.

They considered the projected Rocky Mountain League. But when it looked as though the RML was going nowhere—it never got off the ground—they reached EBA Commissioner Steven Kauffman through a kind of transcontinental grapevine. They called a friend who was a Seattle sporting-goods dealer, who called Frank Wagner, the general manager of the EBA Allentown Jets, who called Kauffman.

"I told Frank I didn't understand," recalls Kauffman. "Did they have a team up there and want to arrange an exhibition or something? But to play in our league? I didn't see how that was feasible. But I said I was going to San Francisco in August and if they were serious they should fly me to Seattle and come down for a meeting. In San Francisco I got a call and was told there was a ticket to Seattle waiting at the airport. I was shocked. I realized maybe they were serious."

In Seattle, Kauffman learned from Smith and Brushert about the Glacier Pilots, the Anchorage market and the start-up money that had already been raised. He began to see the publicity value a team in Alaska would have for the EBA, which, with an enlarged talent pool since the ABA folded, had been trying to upgrade its image from that of a nickel-and-dime Pennsylvania mill-town circuit—which is mostly what it had been—to something on the order of baseball's Triple-A leagues.

At the EBA meeting in Philadelphia in mid-September, Kauffman presented the idea to the team owners. When the jokes died down, the Northern Knights were voted in as members.

According to their arrangement with the league, the Knights play 21 of their 31 games—including the first 16—at home. They agreed to pay all expenses for each team (and two referees) to make one visit to Anchorage for a two- or three-game series, with the Western Division clubs in for the longer stay. In return, when the Knights made their one



Off-day jollity includes mushing around Anchorage behind Joe Redington's champion dog team.

10-game road trip in February, their housing and per diem (\$15 per person) would be picked up by the host club. What this means for Smith and his 75 investors is an outlay of either \$17,000 or \$21,000 for each of nine home series, \$25,000 for the road trip, \$32,000 in entry fee and security to the EBA, plus the team payroll, which at \$60,000 is the highest in the league. Including promotion, office costs and incidentals, the season budget will come to around \$300,000. While that sum is about what the New York Knicks pay the likes of Spencer Haywood for one year, it dwarfs the operating costs of any other EBA team. The Long Island Ducks, also a first-year club, will run this season on \$110,000. The budget of the Allentown Jets, now in their 20th year in the league, is a paltry \$30,000 to \$35,000.

To anyone living, say, east of the Yukon Territory, the very idea of paying \$9 to see a bunch of relative unknowns play an EBA game—where a typical score is 146-140, where there may be more dunks than dribbles, and where "defense" mainly happens when an opponent pulls up to shoot an ABA-style, 25-foot three-pointer—puzzles all understanding. A courtside seat at Brooklyn's Roosevelt Hall goes for \$4, and Brooklynites are turning out at the underwhelming rate of 250 a night to watch the Dodgers play.

"Money has a whole different meaning up here," says sportswriter Bill Wilson of the Anchorage Daily News. "People will pay for anything." When a ham-

and-eggs breakfast can cost \$3.50, a steak \$15, a record album \$7.50, who will carp about paying \$9 to see pro basketball, even if it is minor league basketball? And so the Knights' average crowd of 2,400 brings the fledgling team very near its break-even point.

Smith figures that only limitations at the concession stand will keep the Knights from turning a profit this year. While stocking caps, Knights T-shirts, buttons and pennants sell briskly, one problem is that West High's antiquated electrical wiring is insufficient. It was the popcorn machine that caused the 24-second clock to blow, so now the team sells the prebagged stuff. Likewise, there is not enough power to run a coffee machine. But the main problem is a state law forbidding beer to be sold in schools. "If we could sell beer, our attendance would increase and that would mean an additional \$20,000 in revenue," says Smith.

As Brushert warned, red ink would probably be flowing if the Knights had not turned out to be winners. The man who made Anchorage a winner is 36-year-old Bill Klucas, who previously served three years as assistant coach to Bill Musselman at Ashland College and two more under him at the University of Minnesota. In between those jobs he coached the Ohio State freshmen, and on Jan. 25, 1972, the dark night of the bloody Ohio State-Minnesota brawl, Klucas watched the debacle with mixed emotions, because he had coached the principals on each side. After two unspectacular years as head coach of the

continued

University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Klucas found himself in São Paulo, Brazil, coaching the Palmeiras pro team to an overall 49-5 record. He expected his next job to be in the NBA. "I thought, 'Oh man, 49-5. My phone will be ringing itself off the hook when I get back to the States,'" he says. "It rang. You know what I heard? 'Hey, where the hell have you been?'" Klucas began last season as coach of the EBA Hartford team, but quit when his paychecks came up short. He wound up scouting for the Houston Rockets and Buffalo Braves.

It was Kauffman who recommended Klucas to Smith and Brubaker as the right man to coach the Northern Knights. "You know," Klucas says, "I remember lying on the beach in Rio thinking, 'Heck, it could be worse. I could be in Alaska.'" The Knights offered him \$2,000 a month, an apartment and a car—a king's ransom by EBA standards. "I'm as mercenary as the next guy," Klucas says. "Don't get me wrong, I'll do anything to win. It's the only way to get to the NBA. If they pay me to take five midgets to Siberia, I'll take five midgets to Siberia."

He has no midgets on the Knights, and for the time being the coach is sold on Anchorage. The Knights, however, are split on the issue. One evening a few weeks ago, several of them gathered to bid farewell to Al Fleming, a 6'7" forward two years out of Arizona who at the time was the Knights' leading rebounder (16.8) and No. 2 scorer (21.3) and had just been signed by the Seattle SuperSonics. (There are no formal working agreements between EBA and NBA clubs as there are between major and minor league clubs in baseball. Each EBA team is assigned two or three NBA teams as "affiliates" for the purpose of player distribution, in place of a draft. Thus, a player acquired by Seattle or Phoenix automatically becomes the property of Anchorage, and the "affiliates" are free to make their own deals.)

The feeling that pervaded the two-bedroom apartment shared by Fleming and his former Arizona teammate, Guard Herm (the Germ) Harris, was that Fleming had been tapped to meet the Dirty "Man," said 6'8" Center Roy Jones, who played in Sweden last year after finish-



The game is the same: Tolson rebounds against Brooklyn.

ing up at Fresno State, "Al gets on a plane and lands in another world."

The sentiment cast an instant wave of cabin fever over those who were not catching the same plane. There were complaints about the isolation of Anchorage, the cold, the promised high-paying outside jobs that had not materialized, and the high cost of living that ate up their \$100-per-game salaries, nearly double what most EBA players are paid.

"I won't be able to keep this apartment unless I get another roommate fast," said Harris, a second-round draft choice of Philadelphia last year. "Forty-five a month. Whew!"

"This season is it for me and Alaska," said Harry Davis, a six-foot guard from Morris Brown College in Atlanta.

"I'm used to walking around in bathing trunks and bare feet," said Harris.

"My old lady asked me did I visit any igloos yet," said Davis.

"A friend in Tucson told me that if you visit an Eskimo, the first thing he does is offer you his wife," said Harris. "That true?"

"I heard that too," said Jones. "I'm telling you," said Davis. "I just can't make it up here. My first job was scraping plaster off the floors of new apartment buildings. Unfinished buildings. That means no heat. Two days of that and I quit. Six dollars an hour. The

union guys putting in the wiring were getting \$20. Next I went to work on the loading dock at Sears with Roy for \$4.90 an hour. Then we got a raise to \$5.20. Then we all got laid off after Christmas."

"We all love basketball," Davis went on, "but I'll tell you. The EBA motto is 'One Step from the Best.' Maybe we're a step from the best but, man, you want to start measuring how long that step is?"

Fleming knows only too well. So does Dean Tolson. While Fleming was ascending to stardom, joining the ranks of EBA players who managed to make the NBA—Charlie Cross of the Atlanta Hawks is currently the most exalted—Tolson was apparently going the other way. The 26-year-old, 6'8" forward has been cut by the SuperSonics three times, most recently on Nov. 11, during the week that the NBA rosters were reduced from 12 to 11 players. Last year he played in 60 games for the Sonics, averaging six points, and he cannot understand his cruel fate. Now he is one of the Knights' best players, averaging 22 points and 13 rebounds, leading the team in exotic slam-dunks, and is so popular in Anchorage that the club employs him full time to promote games and sell tickets from a mobile booth that makes the rounds of the city's shopping malls. To keep him from going to Europe, he is paid \$200 per game. Nevertheless, neither Alaska nor the EBA is his idea of paradise.

"You have to psychologically put yourself on a trip to stay here," he says. "The first day my eyes were watering and my eyebrows froze. The cold makes your knees tight. Coming here from the big time makes you want to give up the game. Let's face it, everybody wants to make the NBA. Everyone is out for himself. In Seattle, if I broke open, Slick Watts would get me the ball. Here, I'm ahead on a fast break, I look back and some turkey is pulling up at the 25-foot line to shoot a three-pointer. Can you blame him? Everybody feels, 'What good am I doing myself by giving him the ball?'"

Not all of the Knights are down on Alaska. Guard Freeman Blade, who last year played for Athletics in Action, got work as a job counselor for the city and plans on making his home in Anchorage. Ron Moore, a forward who doubles

as assistant coach, has been teaching in Alaska for six years and has built a beautiful lakeside house in nearby Wasilla. Pat Flanagan, the 6' 9", 225-pound country-boy center from Wyoming who replaced Fleming in the starting lineup, will stay as long as he is wanted. He has become the crowd favorite, perhaps because he lumbers around the court like a Kodiak bear. Guard Jeff Tyson, out of Western Michigan, plans to stay on during the summer to do some hunting and fishing, as does Ron Davis, the smooth forward who leads the team in scoring with 28 points a game.

"Kind of surprising for a guy who thought he was going to play in Ohio," Davis says. He was home in Phoenix after being cut by the Atlanta Hawks last fall when he got a phone call from Klucas. "Klucas said he was in Ohio, getting a new team together for the EBA," says Davis. "The money sounded good, and he said he'd send me a plane ticket. Three days before I was supposed to leave he called again to make sure I was still coming. I said sure. I hadn't looked at the ticket. He said, 'Great. I just got up here and Anchorage is really nice. You'll love it.' I said, 'Anchorage? Is there an Anchorage in Ohio?'"

No one who has never been there before can be adequately prepared for a trip to Anchorage. Even the most blasé traveler is compelled to press his nose to the airplane window as he flies in over the snow-covered Chugach Mountains, which are pink and blue under the low sun, and the vast blackness of the frozen Cook Inlet and Knik Arm. When the Dodgers from Brooklyn made this trip for their two-game series with the Knights, they had a nine-hour jet flight from Kennedy Airport. The team's normal mode of conveyance is a station wagon.

"I want to see me some Eskimos, some igloos," announced Forward Bernard Hardin at the airport.

"I been to Hawaii," said Forward Luther Green. "All I know about Alaska is from the movies and television, North to Alaska and Sergeant Preston of the Yukon." What Green did not know is that the Yukon is in Canada. "I told my son this morning—he's a second-grader in Queens—'Daddy's going to Alaska today.' He said, 'That's cool.' And it is Real cool. Luckily I caught me a sale on long johns the other day. Three pair for \$3.99."

Moving toward the baggage-claim area, Rick Smith, who was there to meet the Dodgers as he does all visiting teams, urged them not to miss the display of Alaskan animals in a nearby corridor.

"Animals," Dodger Coach Harold Tonick said derisively. "Big deal. You ever see some of the animals we got running around Brooklyn?"

But as surely as they stain most visitors from The Lower 48, the tractor-sized moose and the eight-foot-tall snarling Kodiak bear with paws the size of unabridged dictionaries brought various expressions of disbelief from the Brooklynites.

"Man, I thought Kareem was big."

"How fast can those things run?"

"They're quick, but they can't go to their left."

"We used to have a center who looked like that moose."

Passersby at the busy airport, far more accustomed to seeing colossal animals than giant black men, regarded the players with awe.

"Man," drawled one Dodger to another. "People lookin' at you like you from *Close Encounters*."

On Saturday night at the West High gym, the crowd of 2,652—tough old construction workers, three-piece-suiters, women and children, a sprinkling of blacks, even some honest-to-goodness Eskimos—sat quietly, rather like an audience waiting for a school play to begin. On the court, warmups pretty much boiled down to a slam-dunk exhibition. There was no chance of more broken glass, because the backboards had been fitted with special breakaway rims, held in place by shear pins and cushioned with rubber bushings. The four cheerleaders, who were a bit overly made up, wore white vinyl go-go boots and purple velvet mini-dresses lined with white fur. They were named The Northern Foxes.

When the game began, the crowd came alive, screaming at the officials at the right times, greeting each dunk, behind-the-back pass or blocked shot with a big league "oooh" or "ahhh," sending down a good creative obscenity every now and then. The fans were enjoying themselves and learning the pro game, too.

Tolson got into early foul trouble and the Knights fell behind in the first quarter, obviously missing Fleming. But eventually they got offense from Ron Davis

(44 points) and Harris (25 points, 18 assists) and defense from the pivot combination of Flanagan and Jones, who "held" Jim Bonie, the league's third-leading scorer and top rebounder, to 31 points and 17 rebounds, and plenty of help from their most important ally, jet lag, to beat the Dodgers 138-119. The high point of the game occurred when the ungainly Flanagan, tied up on the far side of the court, fired a pinpoint pass right into the hands of his astonished coach, who was seated on the bench.

"I wanted to shoot it," said Klucas, "but I didn't know if it would count for three points or a technical foul." If Klucas is not ready to be an NBA coach in real life, he could certainly play one in a movie. In one night he showed it all: the Heinsohn glower, the Loughery lip, the Fitch wit. Not to mention the obligatory NBA leisure suit.

On Sunday night the crowd was down to 1,841 despite a free T-shirt giveaway, because of the Knights' unfortunate decision to begin Sunday games at 6 p.m.—which has turned out to be either too early or too late. "That could be our only mistake," says Smith modestly. Again the Knights had to come from behind, and this time Tolson exploded for 36 points, including seven slam-dunks. The Knights won, 131-120.

"It's great that basketball has finally crossed the last American frontier," said Tonick before leaving the gym for the airport. "Not to mention the fact that they are carrying our league." In the hungry boomtown of Anchorage, the Northern Knights are the closest thing to the big time. The highly visible players must fight their way to and from their dressing room, and have to deal with autograph hounds and hangers-on all over town. Most of them enjoy at least that part.

"Some of these dudes don't know what they've got here," said Green before boarding the midnight flight for New York. A onetime ABA Net, Green now toils obscurely in his fourth EBA season and works in a youth settlement in Far Rockaway, Queens. "I wouldn't mind living here at all," he said.

As the plane took off into the cold, clear night, the fantastic green lights of aurora borealis danced in the black sky. On the ground, out where the clustered bright city lights of Anchorage abruptly end, there was nothing beyond but infinite darkness in every direction. The city looked like a moon base. **END**

This year, for the first time in its long history, Ashford Castle, in the lush farm country of western Ireland, opened bird shooting to paying guests on the 27,000 acres for which it has shooting rights, and the result was some of the most varied and interesting hunting on either side of the Atlantic, combined with accommodations in a castle of truly royal proportions.

## BLAZE AWAY

Ashford Castle was built in the 18th century, incorporating the remains of a 13th century castle erected by the De Burghs, who ruled Western Ireland for 300 years. In 1852 the castle passed into the hands of the Guinness family, who spent 30 years rebuilding it. During and after World War II, before John A. Mulcahy, its present owner, bought it in the early 1970s, Ashford was operated briefly as a hotel. Mulcahy, whose history is as colorful as Ashford's, was arrested with two companions during the Civil War. The other two were executed, but Mulcahy, then 16, was considered too young to be shot and was held as a prisoner of war for a year. He then came to America, where he amassed a fortune in the pharmaceutical business.

Between 1972 and 1974 Mulcahy restored and refurbished the castle, adding, at a cost of more than \$5 million, a new wing of bedrooms and suites, modern kitchens and elegant dining and lounge facilities. He incorporated all these additions within the existing framework of the castle, unifying its facade so that only a careful inspection can differentiate the old from the new.

Outside the castle the river Cong, surging through the arch of a medieval bridge, forms a natural boundary between the counties of Mayo and Galway. Sheep graze on the rolling hills, feeding on grass that is always green. Men cut and stack turf in the bogs, potatoes grow in the fields and salmon and trout swim in the rivers. John Ford's classic, *The Quiet Man*, was filmed here, and at every turn one expects to encounter John Wayne striding down the narrow lane that leads to the village. Instead, one meets a herd of black and white cows heading home from pasture and an old woman riding a bicycle, the head of a five turkey pro-

A drive for woodcock at Ashford Castle, County Mayo, is child's play compared to a rough shoot  
by VIRGINIA KRAFT

## THE BEATERS BEAT AND THE GUNS THEY



truding from a sack slung over her back

A boy with a shotgun and a springer spaniel climb through a break in a stone wall, one of thousands that crisscross the hills. In the boy's game bag are two pheasants, a snipe and a teal, good fare for an hour's shooting. English soldiers brought the pheasants to Ireland hundreds of years ago, and they have flourished. More than 3,000 are shot annu-

ally on the grounds of Ashford, which also raises and releases pheasants each year to supplement the wild population.

Pheasant shooting at Ashford, like most wildfowl shooting in Ireland, falls into two basic categories: rough and driven. The former is aptly named, for there is no counterpart anywhere to a genuine Irish bog. There are swamps, there are marshes, there is tundra. *continued*



there is mud in many parts of the world, but nowhere are so many physical hazards to the hunter so deceptively combined as in an Irish bog.

Nor are they limited to low-lying meadows and bottoms. One also finds them in the mountains and on the moors, hidden in the heather and the low-hanging haze. Then there are brown turf bogs, from which peat has been cut and removed for fuel, leaving hidden channels wide enough to challenge an Olympic long jumper.

If there is an art to bogtrotting, as the

Why then tackle a bog at all? The answer is simple: that is where the birds are. An Irish bog no larger than a person's garden can produce a glorious mixed bag of pheasant, snipe, ducks and woodcock.

The hunter picking his way across an acre of mud and tussock sees nothing to hold a bird—no cover, no feed. His spaniel, quartering ahead, splashes through the water, apparently reveling in his work. The hunter splashes, too, though not so merrily, slipping, sliding, staggering through water that is always deeper

being checked momentarily by the accumulation of mud and water on its wings and tail. But the gun, too, is slower, checked by slippery footing.

The handicaps are less evenly distributed in the case of snipe, the bog's most prolific resident. The snipe, in fact, is heavily favored. A bog feeder, it spends its time digging and nibbling in the soft mud, growing fat on the grubs, slugs and insects that breed in these slummy places. A particularly vigilant bird, it is usually long gone before sportsmen or dogs are within range. Even when it chooses to conceal itself until the last moment, its avenue of escape is fairly safe. Rising first into the wind, then darting swiftly from right to left, it zigzags so nimbly that it takes a skilled shooter to bring it down.

Only one bird at Ashford is more exasperating than the snipe or more challenging to shoot, in or out of a bog. It is the woodcock, which has brought grown men to tears and has made some of Europe's finest wing shots appear to be neophytes.

The woodcock's fascination is its ability to deceive. It always flies faster than its leisurely wing flap suggests, which, according to sportsmen who know it well, is considerably faster than most other game birds. In a three-way race involving a woodcock, a snipe and a teal, says one authority, the woodcock would easily win. Equally deceptive is the woodcock's ability to drop abruptly out of sight behind a wall or cluster of trees, giving every appearance of having been hit when, in fact, it has merely changed course. But most maddening of all is the woodcock's penchant for flying out of a wood directly at the shooter, dipping over his hat before flapping off to safety.

The only way to shoot such a bird is to point and fire instantly. All the verities learned over a lifetime of wing shooting—about swinging, leading, following through—go out the window with woodcock. The best shot is a snap shot. The shooter who hesitates, who waits for a better opportunity, who foolishly tries to swing ahead of the woodcock's flight pattern, has only memories to put into his game bag. Some of the best wing shots on other species prove to be the worst on woodcock. "I've seen Englishmen who are ranked among the best in their country come over here and miss every shot at woodcock," says Sir Rich-

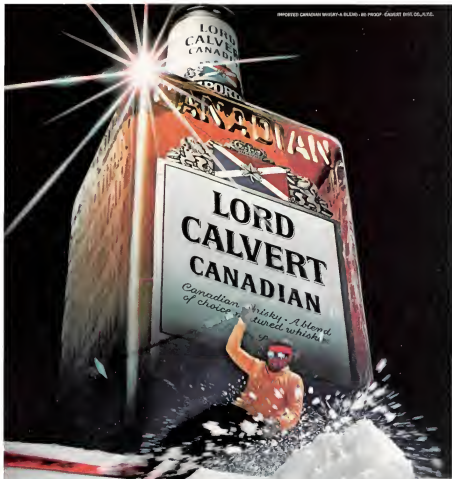
*continued*

Irish claim, it is surely acquired by stubborn, and probably damp, persistence. The novice should travel slowly and test the footing carefully before each step, beware of tall, thin reeds and bulrushes, which invariably conceal high water, and of quaking bogs, which may suddenly dissolve beneath one's feet, and never, never tackle even the smallest, most innocent-looking bog alone. Unlucky bogtrotters have not only sunk in up to the armpits, some have vanished.

than he expects it to be, feeling progressively more foolish as he struggles to keep his gun dry. Then suddenly a pheasant, flushed by the dog, explodes from a muddy depression in a roar of wing-flapping and cackling, while the dog continues its quest, confident as from the start that this bog holds more hidden treasure.

A pheasant flushed from an Irish bog takes off in quite a different manner from one raised in an Iowa cornfield. The initial flight is slower, more labored, the bird





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and Musgrave, a Dublin barrister well known in Irish shooting circles. "It is a bird to humble the highest. It is also the most dangerous of all to shoot because it appears so suddenly, dips so low and changes course so abruptly that the gun following it may wind up pointed at a beater or fellow hunter."

The woodcock found in Ireland is about a third again as large as the American woodcock, measuring 12" from head to tail, with a wingspan of 22" or more. A migratory bird, it breeds principally in the Scandinavian countries, although a small population is believed to breed at Ashford. Most of the birds arrive in Ireland about the end of October and leave again around the latter part of February or early March. Initially they head for high country, resting and feeding in the mountains after their long flight. Although the season opens on Nov. 1, the best shooting does not generally occur until mid-December or later, after several days of hard frost, when the birds are driven down from the mountains into the lowlands.

Tom Hennessey, Ashford's head gamekeeper, says, "The rule is hot weather, high in the hills, wet weather, under the laurels and rhododendron; bright, crisp weather, shoot out; hail and snow, be ready to shoot."

A great many of the woodcock shot at Ashford each season are unexpected bonuses on hunts for other birds. John Holian, who has been guiding there since boyhood, believes that 50% or more of all woodcock taken in the area are bagged this way. While some sportsmen do go out specifically to walk up a woodcock, and occasionally succeed in doing so, the odds are heavily stacked against success. Odds are only a little better when the bird is driven.

The classic way to shoot woodcock is on a drive, and the most classic woodcock drive of all is Lord Oranmore and Browne's shoot at Ashford. It is probably the oldest woodcock shoot in Ireland. It is certainly the one most steeped in tradition, and it may very well be the best anywhere.

Old sporting books published in the last century and the early part of this one refer to the Ashford shoot, usually in terms of awe, as the ultimate sporting experience in Ireland. The late King George V, then the Prince of Wales, was

part of a now legendary shooting party at Ashford in January 1908 in which six guns in a single day took a total bag of 228 woodcock, a record which has never been equaled or, indeed, even approached.

Lord Oranmore and Browne, whose ancestors built the castle in 1715, still hosts the shoot started by his forebears generations ago, and what seems to be the entire population of the village of Cong takes part. For the eight guns who actually shoot—this year there were two from the U.S., three from England and three from Ireland—there is a turnout of 30 beaters, two dozen pickers (who do not pluck feathers but pick up fallen birds), 16 gillies, 20 or 30 dogs with handlers and assorted townspeople.

**T**he guns assemble in a confusion of dogs, people and bicycles on a country lane a mile or so from the castle, spilling over the stone walls into the fields beyond. A fine spray, halfway between rain and mist, puts a shine on the bushes and settles on the moss-covered rocks. The men and boys wear dickers and black rubber boots. The dogs are mainly yellow labs, their collars and leads made of clothslue. The guns are more stylishly garbed in tweeds and English rain gear, their double-barreled shotguns—all 12-gauge—a museum collection of Purdeys, Churchills and Holland & Hollands.

Lord Oranmore and Browne, resplendent in a great sweeping cape and carrying a walking stick, is no less dashing at 76 than he was half a century ago. His silver hair curls about his neck. His figure, erect and trim, is that of a much younger man. The charm which attracted noblewomen, a Guinness heiress and some of Britain's brightest theatrical stars (his third and present wife is the musical-comedy star Sally Gray), is evident in his courtly manners and easy grace. His Lordship distributes small white cards to each of the guns, on which the order of the beats and their positions are listed.

For each beat the guns are divided into two columns, which advance in single file along either side of a wood about three-quarters of a mile long and one-quarter mile wide. Beaters, dogs, gillies, moving more or less abreast, advance through the wood, thrashing bushes and shouting, "Hi! Hi! Hi!" The two lead guns

try to keep just ahead of the flank of the beaters. The others follow behind, pickers and dogs at their heels.

Suddenly there is a shout. "Mark cock! Cock right!" The guns on the right side of the wood raise their doubles in expectation. Out of the dense trees and bush, its wings flapping languidly, a great brown bird with a great long bill seems to float directly over the lead gun's head. The double is raised and fired once, then again. The bird is gone like a wraith, untouched. The gun is mystified. There is no explanation for missing a target so large and so close.

By the end of the seventh drive the gun has missed five cocks and is considering taking up another sport. Martin Browne, his Lordship's son, offers consolation. " 'Tis a ghostly bird," he says, "and it has driven many a good gun mad. That is why we call it the cream of all game birds. Have faith."

The gun musters such faith as is left after so humiliating a morning and carries on. Again the shout, "Cock right! Cock right!" Again the graceful, almost slow-motion flapping of wings. Again the gun fires. And misses. The bird is gone before the second barrel can be discharged. Disconsolately the gun breaks the double to reload the spent barrel. Suddenly there is a clamor from the guns behind. "Mark cock! Mark cock! Cock forward!" The gun whirls around, snapping the half-loaded double closed and throwing it to shoulder as a cock floats up the line of guns, dipping erratically. The gun fires point-blank, a pure snap shot. A roar goes up from the pickers and the beaters. "Cock down! Cock down!" they shout. The gun, unmanful of woodcock protocol, dashes after the pickers into the wood, too excited to wait for the bird to be retrieved.

It is eaten that evening on toast in proper Irish style, followed by Irish coffee and endless tales of Irish woodcock shoots of other days. His Lordship proposes a toast to ghostly birds, to the ghosts of woodcock shoots long past, and finally to Ashford Castle, which has stood ghostly sentinel over them all. The toasts will be repeated next season, and the season after, and for all the seasons to come for woodcock and Ashford are as much a part of Ireland as the bogs and the leprechauns and the shamrocks that grow in the green land.

## Reawakening the glory

*In the 36th season of an illustrious career at DePaul, Ray Meyer has a record (22-2) and a big center (Dave Corzine) so good they recall the George Mikan era*

The other patriarchs of college basketball—Allen, Rupp, Iba and Wooden—are dead or retired, but Ray Meyer of DePaul endures. He is 64 years old, he has been at the small Catholic school on Chicago's Near North Side for 36 seasons, and he has won 566 college games, more than any other active coach and more than all but six men who ever diagrammed a play. And now, in what could be his next to last season, he may have his best team of all.

After defeating Wisconsin-Green Bay, a Division II school that had won 23 straight, and intricacy rival Loyola last week, the Blue Demons were 22-2 and ranked eighth in the nation. They have beaten Notre Dame and Creighton on the road and Providence at home. They have been defeated only at LSU (where

even Kentucky lost) and at Marquette (where everybody loses). Two more points here and seven more points there, and DePaul would be unbeaten.

Meyer refuses to say that this is the best team he has ever had. Until three weeks ago he had not even voted for it in the UPI Coaches' Poll. But he does say that he has never enjoyed coaching a team more, though 14 of his squads have played in postseason tournaments. "We don't have as much talent as a lot of other teams," he says, "but this is more talent than I've ever coached. In other years I had to fire them up with pep talks before every game. This one wins on ability."

Meyer has changed in more ways than curtailing his locker-room oratory. Although he can still tear into a referee, he

claims he has mellowed over the years, that he relates to players better, that he does not demand as much from them. "I was a dictator," he says. "Before a big game I might scrimmage for two hours. After a loss I might wait until the gym cleared and make the team practice." He chuckles. "Mikan might not even recognize me the way I am now."

Mikan. Always there is the specter of 6' 10" George Mikan, who played on Meyer's first four teams, 1943 through '46, and was the first of the dominant big men in both college and pro basketball. The Mikan era, forever hallowed at DePaul, produced 81 wins and an NIT championship—when an NIT championship was very special. Those years are a convenient gauge against which to measure the last four seasons, because during that time another very tall player, 6' 11" Dave Corzine, has led the Blue Demons to 72 victories.

The current DePaul players tire of the comparisons between Mikan and Corzine, and the four other starters marched into Meyer's office recently to remind him that Corzine was not the only player on the team. But it is not the coach's fault. Comparisons—and confusion—are inevitable.

For instance, last week, referring to a plaque on his desk that reads: DESIRE DETERMINATION. DEDICATION. THE WINNING EDGE, Meyer said, "Mikan gave me that. No, I mean Corzine." Mikan. Corzine. What's the difference?

There is no confusing the impact Corzine has had on DePaul basketball. "He turned our program around," Meyer says. "He's the first high school All-America we've ever had, so I knew we'd be good the minute we got him. He has far more natural ability than George had, but George worked harder and developed more. I've always told Dave he could do better."

Corzine went to DePaul because he wanted to play college ball close to his suburban Chicago home. Though he was generally considered a prize catch, some schools questioned his desire. That reservation seemed well founded when, as a sophomore, Corzine told Meyer that too much was being expected of him. His progress since then has proved him and his critics wrong. This season he is doing everything that could be expected of a player: he leads the Demons in scoring (20.2), rebounding (11.2) and assists (4.5) and is shooting better than

*Ray Meyer has not gotten 500 wins the most by an active coach, by merely accepting the refs' calls*

continued

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50% for the first time in his career. "Dave never believed he could be as good as he is," Meyer says. "This is the first year he has thought he could really play pro ball."

Corzine has improved his disposition as well as his skills. "In previous years I tried to be fantastic, and if I wasn't, I got very frustrated," he says. "I came into this season with the attitude that I would play as hard as I could, and if I didn't do well, I'd forget about it. I don't worry anymore that I might let everyone down. When I shot 0 for 12 against Duquesne this year it didn't bother me because we won by 25 points. In the past I would have gone crazy."

The big center is flanked by a pair of three-year starters at forward, burlly Joe Pomsetto, the second-leading scorer and rebounder, and Curtis Watkins, the Demons' most accurate shooter. The guards are Gary Garland, who has shown pro potential as both a player and singer—he is Dionne Warwick's cousin—and Randy Ramsey, a walk-on who takes defense so seriously that Meyer says, "If you score on him, he'd like to break both your legs." Another reason for DePaul's success has been the play of Forward William Dine and Guard Clyde Bradshaw, who have come off the bench to combine for 16 points a game.

Players like these have sparked new enthusiasm for basketball at DePaul. The games are still played in 5,300-seat Alumni Hall, which looks like a high school gym, but the crowds have grown from an average of 1,500 four years ago to 4,500. "People are coming to see us now and not some big-name opponent like Marquette or Notre Dame," says Meyer. "That's the big accomplishment of the year."

There have been some other significant changes in the last four seasons. The school now has its first full-time sports-information director in Marty Hawkins (at least he is full-time when he is not assigning handball courts and rearing out lockers) and an enterprising athletic director in Gene Sullivan. A former Notre Dame assistant coach, Sullivan has lined up radio and television coverage of the Demons, and he saw to it that Ramsey would be eligible to play in the NCAA tournament, to which DePaul is sure to receive a bid.

Ramsey, who did not play as a freshman, would have been ineligible under NCAA rules for postseason competition

as a fifth-year senior. But Sullivan pushed through a retroactive change at the NCAA convention in January that permits the redshirting of freshmen. "I really did believe the rule should be modified," Sullivan says, "but I didn't bother to tell anyone exactly why I felt so strongly about getting it done this year."

This kind of wheeling and dealing seems out of place at DePaul. An hour before a game the players start wandering onto the court, where they finish putting on their socks and sneakers, sign autographs and casually throw up practice shots. This kind of informality would just not do at Marquette or Notre Dame, Midwestern Catholic independents that have long overshadowed DePaul. When the Blue Demons upset the Irish 69-68 in overtime two weeks ago, thereby ending Notre Dame's 22-game home winning streak, Meyer was deluged with congratulatory phone calls, letters and telegrams. A sign at the Wisconsin-Green Bay game said: DEPAUL HAS FAME. IT BEAT NOTRE DAME.

After 563 victories, Meyer probably never imagined that one more would be needed to gain renown. And to his mind, there have been other moments more worthy of cherishing, such as the coaching convention in Atlanta last year when he sat on the podium between Rupp and Wooden and reminisced about basketball. "I felt proud just to be there," he says. "It made me feel like I was somebody."

He was, and as this year's team proves, he still is.

## THE WEEK

(Feb. 13-19)

by BRUCE NEWMAN

**MIDWEST** On the same day that Arkansas moved into the top spot in the Associated Press poll, the Razorbacks walloped Baylor 82-56. "We wanted to play like the No. 1 team in the nation and not slip around," said Arkansas' Sidney Moncrief. Five days later the Hogs got shipped by Houston 84-75, preventing Arkansas from taking undisputed possession of first place in the Southwest Conference.

The game at Houston was Arkansas' third of the week. Previously the Razorbacks had defeated Southern Methodist (86-75) as well as Baylor, and they appeared to have locked up the bye into the finals of the SWC tour-

namment, which goes with the conference championship, after Texas dropped its second league game. Should both Texas and Arkansas win their final regular season games this week, Texas will receive the bye by virtue of its two wins over Houston.

Arkansas entered the game against the Cougars with the best shooting percentage (.556) in the nation, but hit only 46% of its shots against Houston's full-court press.

Texas won two out of three of its games, but lost to the same Baylor team Arkansas had embarrassed earlier. Jim Krivacs scored 34 points for the Longhorns in a lopsided 90-66 win over Texas A&M. In that game Texas was out rebounded 44-42, much to the dismay of Longhorn Coach Abe Lemons. "We're just not a rebounding team," he said. "We've got some guys who can jump, but nothing seems to happen. It's hard to jump with your hands over your head. It makes you dizzy."

The Longhorns must have felt a little dizzy after how Baylor got through with them. The Bears' Jim Venzonakis, a transfer student who did not become eligible until January, hit two free throws with eight seconds remaining to seal the victory. "I wish it had been anybody up there but him," said Lemons. "He's too inexperienced to choke."

Oklahoma, which had lost twice to Nebraska by trying to run against the Huskers, used a more controlled offense and came up with a 74-68 win that eliminated Nebraska from the Big Eight race. Nine of the Sooners' 14 first-half baskets were layups. Oklahoma's victory helped Kansas, which beat Iowa State 80-70 and Nebraska 75-70 to clinch its 37th Big Eight championship. The Jayhawks built a 25-point cushion against Iowa State, but the Cyclones trimmed it to eight points before Kansas freshman Darrell Valentine scored six quick points to nail down the win. Valentine also scored 13 of the Jayhawks' last 17 points against Nebraska.

In the Metro 7, Florida State earned the top seed in the league's postseason tournaments and at least a tie for the conference title with an 81-70 defeat of Louisville. The Seminoles got 24 points from Eugene Harris—and some help from Georgia Tech, which beat Louisville 69-59, then lost to Memphis State 61-59 to guarantee Florida State the tie for the title. Memphis Guard Darrell Holliman made an 18-foot jump shot with one second to play against the Yellow Jackets.

Creighton, one of two new members of the Missouri Valley Conference, moved into first place in the league standings with victories over West Texas State (72-51) and Indiana State (89-57). The Bluejays got a break when the Sycamores' Larry Bird, the nation's second-leading scorer, came down with the flu. Bird scored a career low of 11 points against Creighton, 19 below his average.

1. ARKANSAS (25-2)

2. KANSAS (22-3) 3. FLORIDA ST. (19-4)

continued

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**WEST** It had been 12 years since Washington State had last beaten UCLA, and never in the 23-season rivalry had the Cougars won a game in Los Angeles. So George Raveling, the Washington State coach, was feeling pretty good about his team's 59-58 lead over the Bruins with 10 seconds to play in Pauley Pavilion. Then suddenly the House fell in.

The House was Stuart House, the Cougars' gifted young forward, who stepped into the free-throw lane before teammate Terry Clark's foul shot had cleared the run. Referee Tom Harrington called the lane violation, and UCLA got the ball quickly downcourt, where Center David Greenwood dunked the winning basket in the Bruins' 60-59 triumph. "A thing like this couldn't happen anywhere in America but at UCLA," mourned Raveling. UCLA, clobbered Washington 104-64 the next day.

"I just want to get it over with and get the hell out of here," said Texas-El Paso Coach Don Haskens before his team took the floor against high-flying New Mexico. Haskins hung around long enough to nearly beat the Lobos. New Mexico escaped with a 59-51 victory, despite shooting a season-low 36%, being held 42 points below its season average and getting a career-low eight points from the team's leading scorer, Marvin Johnson. The victory extended the Lobo winning streak to 14 games, longest in the nation. New Mexico also nailed Hawaii, 87-69, the Rainbows' 17th straight loss.

San Francisco suddenly found itself without one of its best players when Forward James Hardy broke a thumb, but the Dons thumped Loyola Marymount 99-71 and Pepperdine 89-56. USF shot 61% from the field against Loyola, with seven-foot Center Bill Cartwright making 13 of 14 shots.

Nevada-Reno's star Center Edgar Jones hit 16 of 21 shots for 36 points against Portland, but the Pilots shut down the Wolf Pack guards to pull off a 77-71 upset. That gave San Francisco a 1½-game lead over Reno in the West Coast Athletic Conference.

San Diego State threw the Pacific Coast Athletic Association race into a three-way tie by defeating the country's top defensive team, Fresno State, 45-41. San Diego, Pacific and Fresno State were all 9-3 in the conference with two games to play.

1. NEW MEXICO (21-2)

2. UCLA (20-2) 3. SAN FRANCISCO (20-5)

**EAST** His team was leading 61-60 when South Carolina freshman Kevin Dunleavy stepped to the free-throw line against Notre Dame, and the only thing the 19-year-old could be certain of was that he had nothing to worry about, win or lose. "Coach [Frank] McGuire doesn't put pressure on you," said Dunleavy, a 36% foul shooter. "If I made the shots, he would have

put me on the back and told me 'great game.' If I had missed, he would have done the same thing." Dunleavy hit both ends of the one-and-one, and the Gamecocks went on to a 65-60 victory over the Irish.

Earlier in the week Notre Dame had clobbered Fordham 95-76 on "Tripucka Night" at Madison Square Garden. Kelly Tripucka plays for Notre Dame, and against the Rams, on the night of his 19th birthday, he scored 15 points. Fordham is coached by Tracy Tripucka, who is the older brother of Kelly and T. K. Tripucka, a forward for the Rams.

For Georgetown, whose game with Manhattan was the prelude on Tripucka Night, it was an evening that went from fiasco to fabulous. The Hoyas trailed the Jaspers by 22 points in the second half, when Guards Derrick Jackson and John Duren came to life. Each pumped in nine points as Georgetown outscored Manhattan 22-5 and pulled out an 81-80 victory. "We rose from the dead," said Hoyas Coach John Thompson. Georgetown also killed St. Peter's 55-38.

Temple moved its players into a hotel for three days before its game with hot St. John's because of an outbreak of flu on campus, but the strange accommodations didn't affect the Owls, who jolted the Redmen 75-65. St. John's was playing without 6'7" Center George Johnson, who was nursing a sprained ankle. Temple Forward Marty Stahurski scored 25 points, earlier he had scored 20 in an 85-66 drubbing of Rider.

Johnson was slightly hobbled, but back in the lineup when St. John's took on Syracuse. Although playing at home, the Redmen shot only 32.8%, fell behind 17-4 at the outset and were thrashed by the Orangemen 77-65.

North Carolina won twice, to maintain its one-game lead in the ACC, but so did Duke, which is now in second. The Tar Heels lost starting Center Rich Yonakor for the season because of a knee injury, backup Center Jeff Crompton was declared ineligible for the remainder of the regular season by the NCAA, and Forward Mike O'Koren was out with a twisted ankle. Nonetheless Carolina clobbered Kent State 92-59 and Virginia 71-54. Duke raised its record at home to 10-0 with a 76-66 defeat of North Carolina State.

North Carolina-Charlotte Coach Lee Rose wanted to send his team into a four-corner spread after the 49ers had built a 12-point lead over Florida State midway through the second half. But Forward Lew Massey asked his coach to call off the delay game. "We were wanting to bury 'em," Massey said. Guard Chad Kinch shoveled in 32 points for the 49ers, and Massey got 30.

Providence beat Jacksonville 52-50 and Niagara 72-70 in overtime for its 17th 20-victory season in 20 years, a record equaled in Division I competition.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (22-5)

2. DUKE (19-5) 3. SYRACUSE (18-4)

**MIDEAST** Troubled by Cincinnati's triangle-and-two defense and leading by only four points with 9:43 to play, normally high-flying Marquette settled into a stall. Minutes ticked away—nine, eight, seven—before, with 6:16 on the clock, Forward Ulce Payne drilled in a jump shot. Then steals by Jim Boylan and Bernard Toome triggered a couple of fast breaks, and the Warriors, No. 1 ranked in the UPI poll, were on their way to a 57-45 victory. "Our strength is that we can run or slow it down," Boylan said. "We have the ability to adjust to each situation."

Four days earlier Marquette's All-American Guard Butch Lee pumped in 29 points and the Warriors sank 61% of their shots in a 75-64 drubbing of Wisconsin. Said Badger Guard Jim Smith, "Shooting like that is just not fair, it's not fair at all."

Kentucky knocked off a trio of Southeastern Conference opponents, and along the way Jack Givens got out of Coach Joe Hall's doghouse. After a loss two weeks ago to LSU, Hall criticized Givens for not wanting the ball late in the game. When the Wildcats trailed

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**MARTY STAHURSKI:** In wins over St. John's and Rider, the 6'4" Temple forward twice hit nine of 11 shots, good for 25 points against the Redmen and 20 against the Broncos. Stahurski averages 15.6 for the 20-3 Owls.

Mississippi State 56-52 with 3:13 left last week, Givens was plenty hungry to shoot. He arched a jumper from the key and moments later jackknifed through the middle for the three-point play that put the Wildcats on top for good in a 58-56 victory. Kentucky also beat Mississippi 64-52 and whacked Tennessee with an easy 90-77 win.

Miami (Ohio) maintained its Mid-American Conference one-game lead by defeating Ohio 70-66. At the bottom of the Mid-American, Western Michigan suffered a 10-minute dry spell in the second half and was outscored 23-0 as Bowling Green won 66-44.

Minnesota avenged an earlier loss to Purdue, 79-72, to tie Michigan State for first in the Big Ten. Against Purdue, Center Mychal Thompson scored 22 points and grabbed 16 rebounds. Later he scored 20 and Kevin McHale 21 as Minnesota beat Louisville 72-71.

Purdue coasted to a 99-80 win over Michigan State after building a 32-10 lead by sinking 11 of its first 18 shots and 10 of 10 free throws. The Spartans rebounded by defeating Ohio State 79-74 for their 19th win.

Detroit beat Western Michigan, CCNY and Canisius by the eye-popping scores of 113-91, 132-91 and 121-89.

1. MARQUETTE (21-2)

2. KENTUCKY (20-2) 3. DE PAUL (22-2)



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Using his free ticket, Jim Ferrier (above) shot an 83 at L.A. and then withdrew, but it was one day too late for first alternate Dave Nevatt



## Let's ring out the old and ring in the new

*Aging pros with lifetime exemptions only clutter up a course, or so claims the PGA, which wants to sweep out the over-the-hill champs to make room for the rabbits*

**A**mong the 147 players who teed off in the opening round of last week's Los Angeles Open was Jim Ferrier, a 63-year-old Australian who now lives in Burbank. Ferrier did not win the tournament—Gil Morgan did—nor did he survive the 36-hole cut. This surprised no one. Jim Ferrier has not made a cut since January of 1973 when he finished 74th in the Phoenix Open and he has not made a dime on the tour since January 1972 when he finished 66th in the San Diego Open and earned \$214.28.

Dave Nevatt did not play in the Los Angeles Open, much as he wanted to. Nevatt is 21, a first-year pro from Merced, Calif., about 260 miles north of Burbank. Nevatt has not made a dime from golf this year either, but for a different reason than Ferrier's. He has not played in a single tournament. Three times Nevatt has missed qualifying by a single stroke.

Ferrier does not have to qualify. As the winner of the 1947 PGA championship, Ferrier enjoys a lifetime exemption. All he has to do is walk to the 1st tee on Thursday morning and fire away.

Ferrier and Nevatt do not know each other, but last week both were in the eye of golf's biggest hurricane since the war for power between the touring pros and the parent PGA 10 years ago. The 10-member PGA tour policy board recently announced it was establishing certain performance standards for 1979 that those with lifetime qualifying exemptions

would have to meet. In order to retain their exemptions they would have to average \$666.66 in prize money per tournament, for as many events as they chose to enter. Even this minimal criterion seems well beyond the capabilities of Ferrier and several other players in his category. So 13 of them hired Houston attorney Jack McConn, a brother-in-law of Jackie Burke Jr., one of the exempt players, and filed suit against the PGA.

"Our argument will be that when you paid your entry fee for a U.S. Open or PGA, you did so with the understanding that if you won, you collected three things," says McConn. "One was a trophy, two was the money and three was a lifetime exemption. That was, in effect, a contract, and now it is being broken."

Boiled down, the PGA defense is that for the good of the tour, some of the deadwood has to be cleared out. Commissioner Deane Beman calls the tour's performance standards part of an evolutionary process that began when the granting of lifetime exemptions was abolished in 1970. "There are standards for every other category of player," Beman says, "and we feel there should be some for players with lifetime exemptions."

Ed Sneed, one of four players on the policy board, points out that no one has been able to trace the origin of the lifetime exemption. "We searched through the archives," he says. "There is nothing in writing."

Jack Nicklaus sympathizes with the

*continued*

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older players but at the same time understands what Berman and the board are trying to accomplish. However, many of the younger players on the tour can't understand why some of the older pros want to keep embarrassing themselves with their high tournament scores. "I recognize that they were once the backbone of the tour," says Danny Edwards. "No one wants to take anything away from them, but if they can't play anymore, it's unfair that they keep doing so just because they won one tournament once."

The legal argument eventually will be settled in Harris County (Houston), Texas, but the ethical argument was very much on trial at the L.A. Open. Ferrier was not the only man with a lifetime exemption to show up at the Riviera Country Club. Seven of the elderly exemptees did, prompting one veteran to say, "I wish some of the guys would cool it."

Among the starters was Lionel Hebert. Lionel is Exhibit A on the PGA list. During the last two years he has played in 50 tournaments and earned only \$3,208. That's \$64.16 per tournament—not even caddie fees. Before Los Angeles, Hebert had played in four events this season and had missed the cut every time. The other exempt veterans who entered at Riviera were Hebert's brother Jay, Dow Finsterwald, Jack Fleck, Jerry Barber and Orville Moody. Among them they had played in 15 events, and not one had made a cut. "Heck," says Moody, who is not one of those suing the PGA, "if I was whoever thought up the new rule, I'd want me off the tour too."

Meanwhile, across town on Monday, Dave Nevatt and 63 other rabbits—the PGA now prefers to call them non-exempt players—were at the Oakmont Club in Glendale, battling for the 17 available starting berths in the L.A. Open. On Tuesday another 64 were at the L.A. Country Club, competing for 17 more spots. Among those at Oakmont were Jack Renner, 26th on the money list after a sixth-place finish at Phoenix and an 11th at San Diego; Don Pooley, 42nd in earnings; and Phil Hancock, who last year tied for second behind Jerry Pate in the Southern Open. And in the qualifying field at the L.A. Country Club were Bob Wynn, a veteran rabbit who was 25th on the money list, and Curtis Strange, second at Pensacola last year.

"There are a lot of guys out here most

Mondays who can win," said Rick Acton, a 32-year-old non-exempt player who qualified at Oakmont. "Renner was one stroke off the lead in San Diego with nine holes left. Tim Simpson is going to be a super player, as he proved at the Hope [a ninth-place finish]."

It was cool on Monday, and thunderstorms kept interrupting play. Nevatt shot a 73, then retired to the putting green to await his fate. By late afternoon 15 rabbits at Oakmont had shot 72 or better, while 10 others were at 73. All 10 assembled on the 1st tee for a playoff for the two remaining spots in the tournament, and went off in two fivesomes. Nevatt was in the second group.

The 1st hole at Oakmont is a par-5, barely reachable in two. Nevatt drove well enough, and as he prepared to hit his second shot there were shouts from the green. Good news for someone, bad for the rest. Nevatt hit his second shot, as did the others, and then came the second jolt. One of the rabbits exploded out of a trap and into the cup for an eagle. Nevatt could manage only a par, and after one hole, the eagle and two birdies got the two qualifying spots plus first alternate.

**T**he survivors plowed on. In tournaments such as the L.A. Open, it is not unusual to have four or five last-minute dropouts. Nevatt made another par, but someone else made a birdie, and the third alternate spot was gone—even-numbered spots would go to the qualifiers at the L.A. Country Club. Bogeys reduced the battle for fifth alternate to two players—Nevatt and Warren Chancellor. After making two more pars, Nevatt finally made a birdie on the 5th hole to win. He had shot a 73 plus four pars and a birdie—and all he had was the fifth alternate spot.

The next morning Nevatt went to Riviera to practice and to see who, if anyone, might drop out. Andy Bean, complaining of a sore shoulder, was the first to withdraw. When Howard Twitty and Fuzzy Zoeller also canceled, Nevatt was suddenly second alternate behind Jack Spradlin, who had played in three events and earned \$2,733 this year. Then on Wednesday evening Sam Snead, one of those suing the PGA, even though Sam, because of sponsor invitations, would never have a problem getting into a tour-

namment, endeared himself to all rabbits. "My foot hurts too much for me to go 18," he told the officials. "Give my spot to one of the kids." Spradlin was in, and Nevatt was now first alternate.

But that was as close as he got. Starting time Thursday morning was seven o'clock, and Nevatt was there. He spent his entire time—until the last groups teed off at 12:36 p.m.—shuttling between the 1st and 10th tees, hoping someone would fail to show. Nevatt's hopes soared when there was a rumor that Bob Murphy might cancel. Murphy, his back aching, had withdrawn from the pro-am the day before. Had anybody seen Murphy? Alas for Nevatt, he appeared 10 minutes before tee time, wearing a windbreaker to keep his back warm.

Ferrier, who refused to discuss the matter of his lifetime exemption, teed off at midday. A tall, weather-beaten man, along the lines of Bear Bryant, he walked the edges of the fairways in constant conversation with his wife Norma, who kept pace just outside the ropes. It was a pleasant sight, something out of a club championship, perhaps, or the PGA Seniors.

Which, of course, is what many people wish Ferrier would concentrate on. Riviera was just too much golf course for Ferrier and Jerry Barber, 51, both of whom were unable to reach the long par-4s in two. Ferrier struggled home in 83. Even so, that was one stroke better than Lionel Hebert, who had an 84. Brother Jay had 80, Barber and Finsterwald 78. Of the older lifetime exemptees, Jack Fleck, 56, who beat Ben Hogan in a memorable playoff for the 1955 U.S. Open Championship, was the hero with a two-over-par 73.

The next day Lionel Hebert added a 75 to his 84 and, of course, missed the cut. So did brother Jay, Finsterwald, Barber and Moody. Only Fleck maintained the dignity of the older players with lifetime exemptions, his 74 giving him two excellent rounds at Riviera. With a 77 on Saturday and a 79 on Sunday, Fleck finished with a score of 303, good for 68th place and \$330.

And Ferrier? On Friday he was scheduled to tee off at 7:24, but 7:24 came and went. Ferrier did not show up. For Dave Nevatt, who was already airborne on his way to Florida and a Monday qualifying tournament for the Jackie Gleason Invitational, that was one day too late. **END**

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In winning last Sunday's Daytona 500 by 33.2 seconds, Bobby Allison survived or otherwise overcame 1) a personal slump spanning nearly three years, during which he agonized over and out-lived a slow Mercury and an even slower Matador; 2) a Daytona jinx during which, despite being one of NASCAR's very best drivers, he had somehow managed not to win the 500 in the 18 times he tried; 3) his car—a Thunderbird, believe it or not—which hadn't been seen on a stock-car track since 1960, when the last Thunderbird racer was a convertible; 4) a crash in Thursday's qualifying heat when Buddy Baker slid in an oil slick and smashed into Allison, putting them both out of that race and sentencing the Bud Moore crew, which takes care of Allison's "luxury liner," to 18 hours of hard labor; 5) a crash on the 68th lap of the 500 in which he bumped Ron Hutcherson while avoiding a melee that knocked A. J. Foyt's Buick end over end; 6) another crash in which he was squeezed between Hutcherson and the wall at 185 mph, hit them both, the impact on the left side knocking his steering wheel out of kilter for the remainder of the race, the impact on the right bending the front fender into the tire, which one lap later caused 7) a blowout.

Allison's slump had been one of the worst in nearly NASCAR history, and during those three losing years he had often been depressed, discouraged and troubled by self-doubt. But he was satisfied Sunday, and he deserved to be. "To some people it seems like I enjoy failing," he said, "but that's really not the case. I'm so tickled now I can't see straight."

Allison had begun the race from the 33rd position on the grid and spent the early stages straggling along behind such as King Richard Petty in a Dodge, hot young Darrell Waltrip in a Chevy and 1976 Daytona winner David Pearson in a Mercury. The first 60 laps went off at a record speed with no caution flags—that, too, a record—until Petty's right rear tire blew as he led Waltrip and Pearson out of Turn 4. Petty got sideways, Pearson hit Waltrip, Waltrip hit Petty, and all three were out, although Waltrip, chasing championship points, eventually finished the race 62 laps back, his Monte Carlo somewhat truncated.

NASCAR champion Cale Yarbor-

## Rough trip in a battered luxury liner

*Luckless Bobby Allison piloted a T-bird through a storm of mishaps at Daytona to end three years of missing the boat*

ough, in an Oldsmobile, inherited the lead at that point with Benny Parsons, also in an Oldsmobile, second. Then Parsons blew a tire and spun in Turn 1. In avoiding Parsons, Lennie Pond tapped Foyt, whose Buick took off and began flipping. Foyt's teammate Hutcherson and Allison also collided, although not seriously, but Parsons lost two laps. Foyt was admitted to the hospital for observation, X-rayed and was pronounced shaken up but otherwise unhurt.

When the green light came on after that smash-up, Buddy Baker—another Oldsmobile driver—Allison and Yarborough took over where Petty, Waltrip and Pearson had left off, running nose to tail. On the 117th lap, Allison, lapping Hutcherson, got squeezed against the wall and banged up both sides of the Thunderbird, forcing him to pit to change a tire. Yarborough began dropping back with a misfire. Baker got a flat, and another yellow came out. When the green came on again, there were 18 laps remaining and Allison led Baker by a mere 1.6 seconds. Baker caught and passed him in traffic, but Allison shortly repossessed Baker. In their long careers neither had won Daytona and it was a toss-up as to who want-

ed it more. But with four laps remaining, Baker's engine blew, and the \$56,300 first prize was Allison's. Yarborough and Parsons followed him across.

Baker's late-race frustration was nothing new. In 1973 he had also been leading the 500 when an engine blew. Baker may have said the same thing then that he did after Sunday's 500: "It looked like I was going to run away with it. Then that oil-pressure needle started dropping and so did my heart. All of a sudden I felt like crying. Damn, what have I got to do to win here?"

In the last three years Allison, too, must have often felt like crying. Also his friends. The night before the race, frying fresh flounder by a camper in the parking lot, one of them described the growing feeling about Allison. "I loved Bobby like a brother," he said. "I stuck with him when he drove that Mercury and couldn't win. I stuck with him all last year when he drove that turkey of a Matador. But this year, when he switched to a Thunderbird, a damn Thunderbird, well, I just gave up on him."

The days leading up to the race had been full of intrigue, as usual, much of it centering on competition for the pole and

*continued*



*Foreshadowing the outcome of the 500, Allison leads Yarborough in a qualifying race*

none of it involving Allison. After three days of practice, the two fastest cars were Foyt's Buick at 186.297 mph, and Yarborough's Oldsmobile at 185.951. The speeds were slower than last year's, and the crews had to sweat to reach them because the new cars, especially the Oldsmobiles, weren't handling well. But in the warmup session before the official qualifying began, Yarborough cracked off a startling lap of 190 mph. "Maybe we'll have to talk with Cale," said Parsons, Yarborough's quasi-teammate (they have the same sponsor). "He seems to have hit on something."

What Yarborough had hit on—which Parsons knew full well—was a tricky rear spoiler, the strip of aluminum rising from the back of the trunk. The NASCAR rule book says of spoilers, "In the interest of safety and handling characteristics, a non-adjustable spoiler not exceeding three inches in height may be attached to the rear deck lid." The legality of Yarborough's spoiler was arguable. It was approximately 4½ inches high, but because it was swept back, the edge was only about three inches above the trunk, which brought it within the ball park of the rules. Competition Director Bill Gazaway couldn't help but notice the spoiler, of course, and he made Yarborough trim off about one-quarter inch. But even after the retrenchment, Yarborough's spoiler was nearly half again the size of anyone else's. Gazaway allowed him to use it in qualifying, and he went out and won the pole at 187.536 mph.

NASCAR officials knew that the pole would likely go to Yarborough or Foyt. Yarborough, the NASCAR champion and a diplomat, is their golden boy. Foyt, a USAC star and obstinate, is a thorn in their side. Foyt loves to come down South and beat the stock-car boys at their own game, and when he does he usually gleats about it. "That ain't real racin' NASCAR does it," he says. "Them big ol' stock cars is like taxicabs." NASCAR officials, in particular Gazaway, must grind their teeth in their sleep hearing things like that, especially from Foyt, who has a leg to stand on. So it was not likely that NASCAR was going to help Foyt win the pole at their biggest race by taking away an edge that Yarborough cheated fair and square to get.

"If they can get away with it, it's legal," said one of Parsons' mechanics, expressing the working, if not official, attitude toward such matters. The rule-book

phrase "in the interest of safety" covers NASCAR in its flexible enforcement of the rules. Junior Johnson, owner and crew chief of Yarborough's car, convinced Gazaway that the Oldsmobile needed the spoiler for stability. Of course it was suggested to Yarborough that if his car was unstable at 186 without the big spoiler, then maybe he should slow down to 184, but such suggestions are laughed at by real racers, and Yarborough is nothing if not a real racer.

**B**ecause of a time-consuming slide in Turn 1, Foyt only qualified third fastest anyhow, but Hucherson qualified second. Hucherson just smiled when asked why he—or Foyt, as the owner of Hucherson's Buick—didn't object more strenuously to Yarborough's spoiler. He knows that an ARCA driver from Iowa does not successfully protest the NASCAR champion in a NASCAR race.

Ironically, Yarborough had said the week before qualifying, "I'm not taking anything away from A.J., but he's won some poles that wasn't quite legal. It doesn't bother me. When he comes down here I put him in the same group as the others—I expect to beat him."

After Yarborough had won the first race of the year, the Riverside (Calif.) road race, Johnson had said of Cale's Oldsmobile, apparently meaning every word of it, "This is a special car. It wasn't just thrown together. We spent a lot of sleepless nights on it." The speculation among the mechanics was that a lot more than the spoiler was "special" about Yarborough's Oldsmobile. Said one, gazing at the spoiler and at Johnson almost reverently, "See that fat man in the T shirt over there? He looks kind of dumb, don't he? Ha! Dumb like a fox. There ain't much he don't know about setting up a race car and getting it past Gazaway." Said another, "Junior's been around a long time. He knows all the tricks, and that's part of the game. He got away with it this time, but he's been caught a lot of times." Most recently last year, when he was caught two races in a row with an expanding oversized gas tank.

After the first qualifying runs a week before the race, Gazaway lifted the three-inch spoiler rule and told the crews they would be free to experiment on Monday. But on Tuesday morning he announced, "We are making no changes in the spoiler rules for Grand National cars at this time," and it was back to three

inches for everyone, including Yarborough. NASCAR had quietly gotten exactly what it wanted: the spoiler issue, for all practical purposes, was water under the bridge. Yarborough was on the pole, and Foyt was not.

The reason the spoiler had been so critical in the first place was because it corrected the skittish handling generally attributed to the large, triangular opera window in the Oldsmobile. It seemed the window worked to lighten the load on the rear wheels at 190 mph: the spoiler catches airflow and exerts a compensating down force on the rear. The Buicks have an opera window only about half as large, and are more stable than the Oldsmobiles. But because the Buick's nose is flatter and not as clean aerodynamically as the Oldsmobile's, the Olds had a higher top speed—so it was a trade-off.

The Oldsmobile's handling the first few days had been downright scary for some. Yarborough had been complaining the most, although only Yarborough knew whether his complaints were genuine or sandbagging. "Terrible," he would mutter, shaking his head dramatically as he walked away from the car. But after he found himself on the pole, his smile was ready again. Exercising his gift for repartee, he answered reporters' questions with one-liners. What could he do about the car's loose handling come race day? "Tighten up the seat belt." How did the car handle in traffic? "I don't know, I haven't got up the courage to get close to any other cars out there." What do you call that big window? "Can't print what I call it."

The Oldsmobiles and Buicks were appearing on the NASCAR circuit for the first time in nearly 20 years, a result of a NASCAR rule change allowing Chevrolet engines to be used in those models, which itself was a result of the successful lawsuit by the disgruntled man who bought an expensive Oldsmobile only to discover it had a Chevrolet engine. "Common practice," replied General Motors, which of course only became common knowledge after they were sued. Since NASCAR's eligibility rules are based on Detroit's specifications, the Chevy-powered Oldsmobiles and Buicks became both legal and viable.

And as the race worked out for Yarborough, Parsons and Hucherson—who hung on to finish fourth—"viable" meant very good but not quite in the luxury-liner class.



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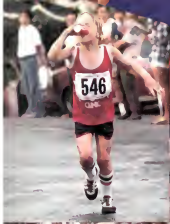
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*An abrasive cardiologist named Jack Scaff guarantees that you'll complete the marathon if you follow his prescriptions—indeed, in last year's Honolulu event 95% of the starters finished the race*



# *the rules of the road*

by KENNY MOORE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPIDGE



# Marathoners

continued

Kapiolani Park and mount the shoulder of Diamond Head. Light grows over the eastern sea and you find you are not alone on the road. A great ragged line of morning joggers stretches out ahead, hundreds of men and women, an astonishing number even to one acquainted with the running boom on the mainland. There are statistics that show that the number of runners per capita in Honolulu is three times that of any other city on earth. For example, from a population of 350,000, the Honolulu Marathon attracted 3,050 entrants last December—one out of every 115 citizens. If the New York City Marathon, the world's largest, were to lure one of every 115 New Yorkers, more than 65,000 people would report to the start at the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. Last year New York had slightly fewer than 5,000 entrants, of whom more than three-fourths finished. Ninety-five percent of Honolulu's entrants finished.

If you search for reasons for Honolulu's spectacular running vigor, you will find a city with varied, stimulating terrain and gentle tropical weather that is conducive to consistent training, if not all-out racing. Even the masses of runners have made it easier on beginners by educating the automobile-bound into grudging acceptance of the jogger's prerogatives. Yet, to discover the catalyst, you have to look no farther than over your shoulder at the upright figure of Scaff, his bristly copper mustache catching the first sun.

Scaff is 42, a doctor of internal medicine and cardiology, and he squints a lot, as one imagines a gunfighter would squint down a dusty street or a man of rectitude would squint at sin. In the last five years he has faced the doubters in the medical profession and offered an ironclad guarantee to all who will listen: "If you run marathons and don't smoke, it is absolutely impossible to have a heart attack." Then to make sure his disciples didn't kill themselves on the way to meeting the marathon qualification, Scaff developed a simple set of training rules, started the Honolulu Marathon Clinic to teach them, and offered another guarantee: "Do what I tell you and in nine months you will be able to finish a 26-mile, 385-yard marathon." Scaff has a flair for hyperbole. In fact, of the 2,000 members of the 1977 Marathon Clinic

who entered the marathon, only 95% finished. "The rest were just dumb," says Scaff. "They didn't follow the rules."

Scaff is a descendant of Scottish Presbyterian missionaries, and the son of Jack H. Scaff Sr., who as head of Bell Laboratory's metallurgy department contributed to the development of the transistor. The younger Scaff was not serious about his studies until his junior year at Wooster in Ohio, and was accepted by Seton Hall's School of Medicine only after the dean of admissions recognized that he was "Bullet" Scaff, his son's legendary camp counselor. But if Scaff came to realize his medical calling late—and there are those who say he left it early, but we will get to that—he came with a mission. He was a legend at Camp Wayands in New Jersey not because of an ability to shoot left-handed bullseyes—which resulted in his nickname—but because of his zeal for driving city

**I**n an hour, when the sun rises, you will notice that Dr. Jack Scaff has a dinky stride, but now in the spooky Hawaiian darkness, he is simply a persistent voice at your shoulder.

"My best marathon is 3:20," he says. "I need a year's good training to hit three hours. But I won't do it all at once. First I'll run 3:10, then a few months later 3:06. Then 3:03. 'Where will it all end?' they'll say. That's how you become a legend."

You cross a bridge above the still, reflective reaches of the Ala Wai Canal, the moat that separates the massed castles of Waikiki from the rest of Honolulu. Waikiki is a fine place to run at six in the morning. It is well lighted, and without the streams of tourists one encounters by day. And at this hour Scaff and his companions enjoy visions of beautiful women. There are elegant Filipinas wearing lace and combs, splendid Chinese-Hawaiians in stiff silks, California girls in shorts and flowered T-shirts. "Looking well this morning," Scaff says occasionally.

"And you, too," they answer, mutual admirers.

"Soiled doves," he explains in far too loud a voice, "on their way home from work."

You leave Waikiki, jog a mile through



Scaff's missionary zeal is evident at a clinic.

kids to exhaustion with long hikes and crushing packs. "They'd scream, 'You're the meanest man on the face of the earth, Jack Scaff!'" he says. "But when they got back to camp they'd run to their parents and say with amazing pride, 'You won't believe what we did!'"

Since then Scaff has built his career on challenging the infirm to heal themselves. His reputation as a Peace Corps doctor in the Philippines was that of an excellent physician with an outrageously unsympathetic bedside manner. Scaff has somehow escaped the mealy-mouthed tendencies of his profession. Taking no refuge in medical terms with the layman, he says things like, "Sixty percent of the time the first symptom of heart disease is sudden death." Scaff has told patients, "The gist of this electrocardiogram is that if you don't start running you're going to die."

This intimidating bluntness has made him a fiery advocate of preventive medicine through exercise. Citing the statistical observations of Dr. Tom Bassler of Palos Verdes, Calif., who has yet to find a runner who has finished a marathon in less than four hours within the previous six years falling victim to a certified heart attack, and the work of Dr. Terry Kavanagh of Toronto, who first began using long slow distance running as therapy for heart patients, Scaff now blasts those doctors who consider the evidence premature or the running dangerous. "When will the evidence be mature?" he says. "The critics say you can't have a retrospective study, you can't look at people who have run the marathon and deduce things about the whole of mankind. But a retrospective study can be good. If a group of people doesn't have heart attacks, you start looking to see why not. Maybe it's running, you say. So if other people start running marathons and suddenly they don't have heart attacks, you can say that's valid."

Fine, but think of what Scaff is up against in not only guaranteeing health through running but also guaranteeing that practically anyone can be taught to run a whole marathon. The imagination fills with septuagenarians and roly-poly piano players. Could Robert Morley or Bert Lance run a marathon? Ella Fitzgerald? Scaff says that with sensible preparation, sure.

"I'm into teleology," he says, "the study of origins, of purposes. Our shape had its beginnings in running. Primitive man survived by it, was defined by it." All of us, even the fattest and most indolent, have a gene or two that reaches back to newly upright hunters running down wild horses. Scaff counts on that gene and it doesn't let him down.

The thing about a man who is chillingly honest is that he can inspire the hell out of you. Scaff does it with wry, abusive lines, all of which have the faint aroma of challenge. "You can always tell the experienced runners on the way to the start," he says while lecturing on how to prevent chafing by slathering Vaseline in vital areas. "They're the ones who keep slipping off the bus seats."

"We don't have more than defizzed Coke and water at our aid stations along the marathon route," he says, "because if we give you people too many choices, you forget which to drink and which to pour over your head, and you come back all covered with flies."

"You know the rules," he says ceaselessly after everyone knows the rules. "If you get in trouble, it's your own fault. The foremost rule is if you get hit by a car, just take off your Honolulu Marathon Clinic shirt and throw it as far away as possible. Then you can crawl under a bush and die."

Let us respond to this tender concern as the Honolulu marathoners do, and learn a few of the other rules. After all, stripping aside the medicine-show dialogue, there's something in Scaff's program that enables those 95% of the entrants in the Honolulu Marathon to make it to the finish line.

Commencing on the first Sunday in March, the Honolulu Marathon Clinic, now sponsored by the city Department of Parks and Recreation, meets every Sunday morning at eight o'clock at the bandstand in Kapiolani Park. The clinic is free. The multitudes quietly shuffle beneath ironwood trees or stretch calf muscles by pushing against park benches while Scaff, or his partner Dr. John Wagner, gives a five- to 10-minute lesson on some aspect of running. Scaff is at his Napoleonic best when laying down the law on philosophy. "Our only purpose is to educate people in the benefits of recre-

continued



Jeff Wells, a divinity student who said he ran for God as well as to win, was first of 2,899 runners in a field of 3,050 to finish the 1977 marathon

Cindy Dalrymple of Honolulu was 50th overall and fastest of the 619 female entrants—the greatest number of women ever to run in a marathon



# Marathoners

continued

ational long-distance running," he says. "The marathon is only an excuse to get people running and to give them a goal. This is survival running! I train finishers, not racers! Our character is easy, slow and conversational!" he bellows.

"I didn't make these rules. The basis of our authority is what you terrible beginning runners have taught us. You collapsed and we ran up and said, 'My God, what did you do?'"

**RULE ONE:** "Get a medical checkup before you begin." For people over 35, this must include a treadmill stress test in which an electrocardiogram is taken when the heart is beating hard, up to 180 times per minute.

Once approved for flight, the Honolulu runners start right in, attempting to walk and jog one hour three times a week. "If you can't run for an hour," says Scaff, "you're running too fast. Everybody tries to go too fast at the start. That's why we have..."

**RULE TWO:** "The minute you can't talk, you're sprinting. No sprinting." The talk test, which had its origins with Arthur Lyndird, the famed New Zealand coach, keeps runners from going beyond aerobic pace, a running speed at which they can take in as much oxygen as they're burning. Even so, some beginners find an hour of the slowest jogging impossible. Many say they feel foolish.

"Their bodies are absolutely foreign to them," says Scaff, whose solution is, "Run in the dark if you're embarrassed."

After the third Sunday session, most men can go an hour (most women after the fourth or fifth session). After nine weeks virtually everyone can. By this time, some are eager to do more—say, run every day rather than three times a week. Scaff disapproves. "Skeletal muscles take more than 24 hours to replenish glycogen, the fuel used for endurance running. If you begin running every day, you can get yourself into a situation in which you're using up more muscle glycogen than you're replacing. You go on a long decline to where running is a pain and eventually you're injured."

The observant beginner often wonders how seasoned marathoners like Bill Rodgers or Frank Shorter can train two and three times a day, every day. Scaff is ready for that one. "World class runners are different from you and me," he says. "They spend a great deal of time being injured, so you can't listen to them. Most running advice in *Runner's World*, which is written by experienced runners, is horrible. They can never remember that beginners are really bad." Clinic members may go to four days per week after three months. Never are they to exceed five.

The early days of a clinic are fasci-

nating, as they bring out every old wives' tale. "How do you breathe?" Scaff is asked. "Isn't it bad to breathe through your mouth?"

"Madam," he says, "you may find it disgustingly necessary."

A tight-fitting shoe can cause bruised toenails. "Very good," Scaff says as a livid set of toes is shown to him, "I deduce you have been running. Now get shoes that fit." Later, musing on ways to exploit running's chic, he says, "We ought to bring out some blue-black toenail polish for that experienced-runner look on the beach."

Women sometimes experience swollen fingers after a run. "Let me see your bra," says Scaff, clutching a complainant. "Geez, you ought to just tear that off there." As she darts away, horrified, Scaff explains that a tight bra and vigorous arm action often combine to restrict circulation in the arms and cause swelling. "If a woman can run without pain, she doesn't need a bra. If she's uncomfortable, she should try a bikini top that's made for swimming. It will let the arms move and still give support."

Scaff pays attention to running form only when he sees a gross miscarriage. In essence, a runner should work for an upright posture, a short, economical stride and a relaxed arm carry. After that, runners are on their own to experiment with minor adjustments. "Once we tried to give a lesson in running downhill like the real athletes do: they run perpendicular to the slope and freewheel, letting gravity do the work. Our group looked like they were practicing hang gliding, their arms flapping, their necks craned forward. They ran like flightless birds. We never talked about that again."

**RULE THREE:** "Drink 10 ounces of fluid every 20 minutes. At least that's the prescription for Hawaii in a locale where the temperature is only 40°, intake can drop to as low as six ounces every 20 minutes." Scaff has found that a half hour of jogging creates a core temperature of 103° in all runners. The most efficient way to keep cool is to sweat, and sweating requires liquid. But taking on liquid is hard. The traditional beginner's practice upon first trying to consume a paper cupful of juice while running is to splash it all over his face. Fast marathoners, who need to drink on the run, use squeeze bottles. Others learn to stop or at least walk as they gulp. "You have to train your gut,"

continued

The roar of a howitzer in the morning darkness turns loose an army of marathoners in Honolulu

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# Marathoners

continued

says Scaff to those who find his requirements too filling. "Running trains everything." Sure enough, after a month of warm-weather running, those who once felt distended on reaching water stops find themselves concave and thirsty.

Scaff can sense dehydration across a crowded room. "You have urea on your breath," he will tell someone while urging him to have another beer. "It smells like ammonia and means you're not producing enough urine to get rid of your waste products and it can lead to kidney stones. If your urine isn't clear at least once a day, you're too dehydrated."

After five months of running an hour per session, the Honolulu runners are asked to begin thinking in terms of miles and pace. By July almost everyone is doing 30 miles per week. This entails running longer than an hour at a time. A good pace for a beginner is nine to 10

minutes per mile. Many go as slow as 12 or 13. (A fast walk, four miles an hour, is a 15-minute-mile pace.)

In August, when they go to four days a week, clinic runners naturally go to 40 miles a week. About this time, Sunday bus convoys begin dropping as many as 1,000 runners at points 10 or 11 miles from Kapiolani Park and letting them jog back. Meanwhile, other runners are heading out. Mark Osmun, a Honolulu author who completed his first marathon last year, recalls his impressions on first seeing these lines of wet, chattering runners. "It was like coming across a file of army ants in the jungle. You follow along for a while and they thicken. They become streams. Everything is stifled by their passage. Streams converge until you come at last... to the nest."

The nest is Kapiolani Park, where Jack Scaff explains the cold statistical truths of pace. "There is a moment known as the collapse point," he says, savoring the term. "While it doesn't mean you're really going to keel over, it is where your steady training pace suddenly becomes impossible and you have to slow way down and eventually walk." This point, it happens, can be calculated from one's training over the previous two months. If you add up your total mileage for 60 days and divide by 20, you will get the number of miles you can run at your training pace. Thus, to cruise through a marathon at the same pace you circle the neighborhood on Sunday mornings, you have to run at least 520 miles in those previous 60 days, or an average of roughly 60 miles per week. The advantage of such knowledge is that if you have not trained or cannot train that much, you can figure out how much you have to slow down from your training pace to be able to last the distance. Thus:

**RULE FOUR:** "Anybody who can run 30 miles per week for two months can finish a marathon if he or she runs 20% slower than training pace."

By September the mileage goes to 50 a week, then 60 in October and November. This grand experiment produces some injuries, such as sore knees, aching Achilles tendons and an occasional stress fracture. "All running injuries are the same," says Scaff. "They're from too much, too soon. They respond to rest. Only rest." It is here that Scaff's bluntness is of incalculable benefit. He is that rare adviser who can scare runners into

not running. "If aspirin doesn't work, nothing works," he says. "You have to teach them to lay off. We never give any injections of anything. That is simply hiding an injury, not curing it. No, it's just tincture of time, tincture of patience."

Just as running is preventive medicine for a carload of disorders, so are there preventive measures against ruin brought on by running. Good, shock-absorbent shoes are vital. So, too, is a sense—"absolutely lacking in beginners," says Scaff—of when one is burning the candle at both ends. The Honolulu Marathon Association publishes *Kukui* (Hawaiian for runner), a bright, gossipy newsletter containing schedules of races, tips, book reviews, profiles, racy pictures of ladies running in soaked shirts, readers' rhapsodies, and solid medical advice, such as a warning not to run with a cold. A virus cold inflames muscles, including the heart—a condition called viral myocarditis. Running worsens it, perhaps leading to palpitations and premature ventricular contractions (VCs), an irregular heartbeat.

Scaff thinks nausea or diarrhea, during or after running, is often caused by milk intolerance—and it gives him a chance to talk about primitive man again. "Milk sugar has to be broken down by an enzyme in the stomach called lactase before it can be absorbed," he says. "In primitive man lactase wasn't necessary after weaning—say, after age two. So infants produce a lot, but in many people it diminishes with age. When that happens, milk sugar becomes a hell of an irritant. So the simplest experiment is to skip milk products and see if you don't stop having the trots after trotting."

Scaff has no hard-and-fast rules about nutrition. He is a self-confessed glutton who posed for an appalling photograph to illustrate Honolulu magazine's guide to excessive holiday feasting. Bibbed, butcher knife in hand, surrounded by roast pig, crab, sausage, cheeses, champagne, breads, pâtés, puddings, chocolates and fruit, Scaff has just torn the thigh from a roast chicken and plunged it beneath his mustache. "There is no question about it," he crows. "If I run, I can eat and drink continuously." Scaff may well be described by Brendan Gill's remark about Edmund Wilson: "He elevated what he could not help about himself to principle, then congratulated himself upon practicing it." Yet his relish

continued

Runners near the finish beneath Diamond Head.



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## Marathoners

continued

for food and drink seems to soften and make human what could be an austere and forbidding regimen—not to say man.

Naturally, Pheidippides' legendary run to Athens from Marathon in 490 B.C. is widely discussed in the clinic; he broke all the rules. But as Mark Osmun says, "Scaff reminds you that Dionysus was a Greek, too." Thus, there is a day in September when the clinic does 14 miles through downtown Honolulu and the docks, past the airport and through the industrial district. It is a dreary course, except that it ends at a theme park run by Primo Brewery, where hundreds of gallons of beer are absorbed. The buses bring the runners back to Kapiolani Park, howlingly happy. On such excursions are born friendships and giddy ideas. Sue Stricklin, a captivating 40-year-old grandmother who holds the women's age-39 record of 3:09:04 in the marathon, says that her running group, The Hamburgers, have adopted a motto: "You are only young once, but you can be immature all your life." Scaff, his sense of proportion fogged, dreams of a half-marathon race (310 miles) around Oahu, run in stages like the Tour de France.

Novice marathoners' thoughts soberly turn to racing. "You only have one marathon in your body," says Scaff. "Don't waste it in training."

The longest run permitted by Scaff before the December marathon is an 18-miler in October. "This is when they learn that they can really run the marathon," he says. But some learn that it is going to be an ordeal, for they have their first brush with the "wall," that enveloping fatigue that usually comes on about the 20-mile mark. Its physiological basis is not fully understood, but it probably has something to do with the body's using up all its glycogen and having to switch to burning fat.

"Anytime you hit the wall, you're automatically injured," says Scaff. "Doing the 18-miler two months before gives them a chance to see what they did wrong—which is usually run too fast."

Pacing is taught by such means as the Turkey Trot in November, a 10-mile event in which the first-prize turkey is awarded to the runner who finishes closest to his or her predicted time. No watches allowed. "We had 10% of the field in within 30 seconds of their prediction," says Scaff. "Five finished exactly on the second. We gave the turkey

to the one with the slowest time. Always punish speed."

There are lots of races in Hawaii, conducted by the Mid-Pacific Road Runners Club. Runners considering them are also urged to ponder . . .

**RULE FIVE:** "No more than 10% of your total mileage can be in races," says Scalf. "That's just injury prevention, pure and simple. Competitive runners use races as part of their training. Beginning runners are destroyed by them. After the marathon, we say everybody is automatically injured for six weeks, no matter what. If you want to know what you'll look like in 10 years, look in a mirror after you've run a marathon." The maximum mileage permitted such convalescents is 30 miles per week.

Perhaps 80% of the Honolulu Marathon's success lies in Scalf's careful preparation of his runners for the race. The other 20% is his preparation of the race for the runners. He is determined that Honolulu remain a finisher's race, in which the support and good wishes accorded only to the leaders elsewhere are extended to all. That takes a large organization, hundreds of volunteers working on dozens of committees. As many as 40 people, including air-traffic controllers, constantly update computerized lists of entries and compile results. Four exotic timing and videotape devices virtually guarantee an accurate time and place for each finisher. Aid stations every two miles are staffed by civic clubs, medical societies and corporations. Police and ambulances and communications must be carefully coordinated. Managing these preparations is Willy Williamson, who flew R A F Spitfires during World War II and was shot down over Italy. He was a Concorde test pilot and did the stunt flying in *Tora! Tora! Tora!* and *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*. "Crash after crash after crash," says Scalf. "We figure he knows how to handle the pressure."

Williamson, now vice-president in charge of operations of Aloha Airlines, surely does. He delegates responsibility to good people, then sits back and enjoys the show. "The dedication of these volunteers is fantastic," he says. "How would you like to sort and divide 16,000 safety pins into groups of four?"

There are occasional slips. "A key-punch operator hit the wrong key and you wound up in the wrong sex!" says

Scalf to an irate caller. "Well, it's cheaper than surgery."

The last clinic meeting before the marathon is the occasion of Scalf's longest speech, a final outpouring of tips and warnings. He begins as a chiding parent.

"Runners are brats," he says. "Some of you have been scalping your numbers to runners who missed the deadline." The penalty: a year's disqualification.

He speaks of "carbohydrate loading," a program of depletion followed by three days of spaghetti and pancake stuffing, which in theory tricks the muscles into soaking up as much as 50% more glycogen. "Remember though," he says, "every gram of glycogen takes four grams of water. Don't gain more than a couple of pounds."

The well-dressed runner, he says, wears nothing new. "And only shoes you have run at least 200 miles in."

Sleep, he tells the worriers, goes on a 48-hour cycle. "If you sleep well Friday night, you can stay up all night Saturday and not have performance affected."

The race will start at 6:30 a.m., near the Aloha Tower, downtown. "It's hard to start slow enough," says Scalf. "The time to start your sprint is at 20 miles. Don't blow off earlier than that, because it's embarrassing not to hold it."

**A**gain it is a cool, starry night. The broad lawn beneath Kapiolani's ironwoods is moist. Clusters of runners, subdued and expectant, shuffle onto buses to the start. There is a breath of wintergreen mingled with Hawaii's usual floral scents. People confess their fears, revealing the derangement that seems to seize all runners despite anything Jack Scalf can do about it. E. Walker (Happy) Chapman, who is a coach himself, remarks on how his prerace meal the year before did him in. "Two boxes of chocolate-covered cherries and a six-pack of Coke," he moans. "I paid." This year he has tried turkey with stuffing and macaroni salad. A striking black woman tugs at a knit tube top. One wonders how it will hold up when soaking wet, after 26 miles of bouncing.

Final check-in takes place in the great hall of a shipping terminal. Supporters are heavy-lidded, quiet. Runners are alert. "Lots of nervous people here," says Sue Stricklin, nervously.

Huge, white television lights mark the

start. The masses are asked to arrange themselves according to predicted time. In the front, a dozen top-line invited racers, conscious of the more than 3,000 bodies pressing behind them, like water behind a dam, toe the line with purpose. Williamson, all in white like an avenging angel, climbs to the top of a ladder and fires a starter's pistol. Simultaneously, a Marine howitzer lets loose for the benefit of those runners who are waiting in the furthestmost ranks. The leaders shoot ahead, already free. The huge shoul of humanity surges, rolling softly at first on tiny steps, then with a rush—an exultant sensation of union in this great attempt. As they flow in their thousands beneath Williamson, he raises his arms in excited benediction and repeats, "You're fantastic, all of you. You're the most beautiful people I've ever seen!"

On the first street corner, a lone bugler sounds the charge and is answered by booming cheers. After that, each runner's race unfolds differently. The first miles are in darkness, a careful wending through blurry shapes.

The initial aid station is at 4.1 miles, entering Kapiolani Park. Out of dim light appears a line of women holding out huge icy sponges that yield a breathtaking shower. Then follow bins in which the sponges are to be left. A few moments beyond is another line of outstretched benefits, cups of delizelized, diluted Coca-Cola. Then another line offering water. There is constant shouting, the volunteers calling out what is in the cups, the runners shrieking from the sponge shock. Then the runners are past—the cacophony receding—feeling renewed and loved, and not at all alone.

Thick, fetid animal spoor lingers about the zoo. It is a windless morning, rare for Honolulu, and could be dangerously hot if clear, for the humidity is 85%. But as the light grows, the pack ascending Diamond Head sees that the sky is overcast, a blessing. A runner up ahead has a jacket with many pockets, and is rattling "Carrying your rosary?" asks someone.

The mysterious rattler regards his questioner. Finally he answers, "Dynamite," he says.

At 10 miles frivolity ebbs. The aid stations no longer offer surprising gifts but longed-for necessities. "The way to finish this marathon," Scalf's words echo, "is to ignore how far you have to go. Run only from aid station to aid station."

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## Marathoners

continued

There is aid at the Holy Trinity Church along Kaimanui Highway. Reverend Ray Churchill rescheduled morning mass so the race would be unhindered by cars turning into the parking lot. This in return for Scaff's donating a new drinking fountain for the church—and for passing runners. Up front, Herman Atkins of Tacoma, Wash. has led early, with local favorite and defending champion Duncan Macdonald taking over at 11 miles. Cindy Dalrymple, also of Honolulu, is the leading woman, running in 59th place overall. There are 619 women in the race, the largest number of women in marathon history.

At 16 miles Macdonald grows faint. He is quickly overtaken by Jeff Wells of Dallas and by Atkins. Macdonald continues to slide further off the pace. A newsman leans from a car "What happened?" he asks.

"I was doing fine," says Macdonald, "but I wasn't looking and I ran right into a brick wall at 16 miles."

"My God," says the reporter, "Did you hurt yourself?"

At the 20-mile mark a man with one word printed on the back of his shirt crouches, vomiting. The word is WALL.

This is where changes in the pack occur. Sue Stricklin tells beginning women to remember the Minnies. "They're so competitive, they can't help starting too fast," she says. "You see them go and you think you'll never see them again. But you will. You'll see them after 20 miles. You've gone along at your careful nine-minute pace and suddenly they're dying all around you."

"It's wonderful," says her friend Mimi Beams. "When a woman passes a marine, it's like a knife twisted in his heart."

Wells, completing a perfectly judged race, runs the last half mile between hanks of applauding people and wins 2:18:37, about a minute slower than the 1975 course record of Jack Foster of New Zealand, who was 43 at the time. A divinity student, Wells says, "My main objective was to glorify God, but I wanted to win the race, too." Dalrymple wins the women's division in 2:48:07, her best ever by a minute.

The sun breaks through thinning clouds and suddenly the day is brutally hot. June Chun, 18, one of the famed Hunky Bunch family of Honolulu, crosses the line in a superb 2:55:40, and nearly collapses. The medical tent quickly

fills with 30 horrible-looking cases of heat exhaustion. "We have a terrific doctor in there," reports Scaff, who has finished 1,033rd in 3:49:11. "He's kicking 'em in the feet after he puts 'em on the I.V. solution, and telling 'em it's their own fault." After a while the tent stops filling. "It's the three-hour racers who get into trouble," says Scaff. "The rest of them are healing as fast as they're dying."

As the finishers emerge from the chute, they receive a T shirt, then a lei made of koa seeds from one of several pretty girls who bravely stand there and kiss 3,000 salty, sick finishers. Then the contestants walk dazed and giddy onto the fields of praise. Spread throughout the park are hundreds of picnics. Hawaiian families have brought far more food and drink than they need, and invite everyone who looks like he needs a tan to join them for a beer or a piece of teriyaki chicken or a hot malasada. A Japanese runner carries a camera and stops to take pictures of the applauding crowd. The black woman in the sodden tube top finishes proudly clothed. A band plays. Some runners cross 50 yards of turf and sand to the Pacific, sliding into the lapping waves and wincing at the effect of salt water on blisters. Many simply join the appreciative, curious, impressed onlookers cheering in the later finishers. Some, even those looking 10 years older, and perhaps as open and vulnerable as ever in their lives, find they evoke remarkable sympathy from Honolulu citizens. "I was standing there wondering what to do," recalls a finisher of the year before, "when a lovely girl came up and took my hand and said, 'You're mine,' and took me home to her beach house in Kahala for two weeks. It was wonderful."

Jack Scaff sits wet and a little drunk beside the bandstand. "I hit the wall about three days before the start," he says. "Then I lost another 10 minutes talking to people along the way." He is limp beneath the jubilant pounding of triumphant new athletes.

"How many next year?" he is asked. "Will you double again, to 7,000?"

Scaff thinks. "If the Japanese come with as many as they threaten to... if the climate doesn't grow to more than we can handle..." He speaks softly, portentously. "Maybe 10."

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# Yesterday

by MARGARET HENDERSON

## MACMILLAN WAS DEFT, NOT DAFT, AS HIS HISTORIC GLASGOW BIKE RIDE PROVED

On a sunny June afternoon in 1842 a strange rumor reached the Gorbals district of Glasgow. A creature mounted on a pair of wheels—the Devil himself, some were saying—was traveling along the road that led to the city from the south side. The word had been spread by breathless passengers dismounting from the Carlisle coach. The apparition was going at a considerable speed and had come many miles already, from the county of Dumfriesshire. As it had passed through roadside villages, terrified mothers snatched their children indoors, and plowmen set off across the fields, muttering hasty prayers.

The denizens of the Gorbals were not so alarmed. They poured out of their dark, overcrowded tenements, joined by hundreds of Irish immigrants from the Belfast boat that had just docked at the Broomielaw pier.

"It's around yon corner," a shout went up, and in a few seconds the infernal machine was in sight. The crowd surged across the street. Swerving, the devilish driver mounted the pavement. A small child ran into his path and fell to the ground. She picked herself up, in no way injured, but screaming in terror.

Swiftly, the Gorbals constabulary were on the scene. Shouldering their way through the mob, they arrested a broadly built, handsome and very embarrassed young man who assured them that he was only the village blacksmith, like his father and grandfather before him, from Courthill near Dumfries. His machine, which he referred to as a velocipede, was his own property, his own handwork, made in the smithy where he was employed, on the Drumlanrig estate of the Duke of Buccleuch.

Kirkpatrick Macmillan, or "Daft Pate" Macmillan, as his neighbors had been calling him since he started work on his strange contraption, was, in fact, the inventor of the world's first pedal bicycle. Never before had man been able to move

on two wheels without putting one foot on the ground, and this young man had just covered 70 miles of rough, pot-holed roads on a machine weighing 60 pounds. Kirkpatrick had come to Glasgow to show his invention to his three brothers, who unlike himself had all been a credit to their village schoolmaster and now held respectable jobs in the city.

Daft Pate was horrified to find himself involved with the law. To his intense relief, however, it was only the velocipede that spent the night locked up in jail. He was allowed bail and stayed with his eldest brother, assistant headmaster at the Glasgow high school, until his appearance at the Barony Court in the Gorbals in the morning.

The magistrates were hard put to formulate the wording of their unique charge. Eventually the offense was recorded as: "Riding along the pavement on a velocipede to the obstruction of the passage and the danger of the legs; and in so doing, having thrown over a child."

The fine was five shillings and the publicity the court case received in the Glasgow newspapers the next day was the only acclaim the inventor of the bicycle was to know in his lifetime.

At the end of the hearing the magistrates asked the accused if they could inspect the machine. Proudly Daft Pate explained how the pedaling system worked: to the rear axle he had fitted cranks which were connected by rods to the pedals suspended under the upturned handlebars. He showed them the iron-rimmed wheels and a very fine curving of a horse's head decorating the front of the machine.

The crowd observing Macmillan as he cycled away from the court laughed and cheered him out of Glasgow. At the city boundary he met a stagecoach, and in an exuberant mood he raced it all the way to Kilmarnock, 20 miles farther on. He had left the astonished passengers far behind by the time he reached the village of Old Cumnock in Ayrshire, where he stayed the night with a friend, for his bicycle had no lamp.

Delighted neighbors in Courthill gathered round the smithy when they heard that Daft Pate had come safely home, but they were disappointed that he had so little to say about his adventures in the faraway city. The truth was he felt too ashamed of his escapade to talk about it. He told the whole story to only one person, John Findlater, his workmate at the smithy and his closest friend, who

shared his interest in building a machine that could be propelled without one's feet touching the ground.

Still, after his journey of 140 miles to Glasgow and back, no one could truthfully call Macmillan daft anymore and he was content to resume his work as if nothing had happened. He returned to Glasgow only once. Three years after his first visit he received a letter from the owner of a Glasgow foundry, who had seen him pass on his velocipede, offering him a well-paid post as an engineer. Macmillan cycled up to the city in the spring of 1845. He was introduced to influential people who could have arranged for him to be given the recognition he deserved, but he was uneasy in the city, and before the summer was finished he was back at his Courthill forge again.

When Kirkpatrick was 40, his father died and he inherited the family smithy; he never gave a thought to exploiting his invention commercially. He made several more velocipedes as gifts for friends, but none of these early models appears to have survived. In the years that followed, he willingly assisted anyone who wanted to manufacture a copy of his invention. He must have known that others were making money from his design but he did not take action against them. Thomas McCall, a joiner from Kilmarnock, was selling copies at £7 each while Macmillan was still alive. And in 1869, nine years before his death, the journal *The English Mechanic* was advertising the Kilmarnock bicycle, a copy of the inventor's model.

It is doubtful whether Macmillan knew before he died, at the age of 65, that the general belief was that the pedal cycle was the invention of Gavin Dalzell, a Lanarkshire cooper. Dalzell was one of the many copiers of Macmillan's velocipede, which he may have seen during the historic Glasgow ride.

Ten years after Macmillan's death, James Johnston of the Glasgow Tricycling Club took up Daft Pate's cause. His efforts led to an acknowledgment, in 1892, by Gavin Dalzell's son that Macmillan's velocipede design was the original. Kirkpatrick Macmillan's tombstone in the cemetery at Kew bears the inscription INVENTOR OF THE BICYCLE, and there is a commemorative plaque on the wall of the disused smithy at Courthill bearing these words of Ralph Waldo Emerson: HE BUILT BETTER THAN HE KNEW.



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

## 1977 IN REVIEW

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed your special issue, *The Year in Sports*. The photography was breathtaking, from a patented Dr. J slam dunk to the surfer plunging through the tube of the ultimate wave. The one thing I think you bypassed was the best of the girls in your bathing-suit issues. Shame on you!

I hope you continue to publish these special issues.

BREAN OUTLER  
Philadelphia

Sir,

Fantastic! Unlike your bathing-suit issue, your special issue covered everything.

MIKE GREENSLADE  
Thousand Oaks, Calif

Sir

Once again SI can lay claim to having the top sports photographers in the world.

KEITH BARNES  
Wilson, N C

Sir

The emotions that your photographers captured moved me from laughter to tears.

PATRICIA A. PARKIN  
Bloomington, Ill

Sir:

Special congratulations should go to Frank Deford for his beautiful interpretation of a true champion (*Morich from the Feast*).

The picture that particularly struck me was the one of Bill Walton of the Portland Trail Blazers and NBA official Richie Powers with their arms around each other. Following a year in which officials took a lot of abuse, whether justified or not, that one poignant photograph shows that peace can be maintained between athletes and officials. Perhaps we fans should take careful note.

SUSAN EISENBACH  
Lehighton, Pa

Sir

Your special issue is great, but your golf profiles are astonishing. Hubert Green wins the U.S. Open and loses only a shot (28¢ by 3") in the rough—hardly a typical location for a national champion!

JESSA MILLER  
Birmingham

Sir

In the section on golf one of your picture captions stated, "Watson's putt falls, the king is dead, long live the king." That is a big put-down of Jack Nicklaus. Tom Watson had a great 1977 season, but everyone is blowing his achievements way out of proportion. You are doing the same thing to Watson that you did to Johnny Miller and Tom Weiskopf. Each

of them had outstanding years, then Jack came back and beat them both.

DOUG WOOD  
Livonia, Mich

Sir

I'm mad. Where was your coverage of college hockey? My alma mater, the University of Wisconsin, hasn't won a major football or basketball honor in years, but in 1977 the Badgers won the Western Collegiate Hockey Association title and the NCAA championship, boasted the Coach of the Year in Bob Johnson and the WCHA Rookie of the Year in Coach Johnson's son Mark, and had three All-America players—Julian Baretta, Craig Norwich and Mike Eaves. Somehow I feel we deserve at least glowing notice.

BARBARA PETERSEN  
Madison, Wis.

Sir

Only one picture and paragraph on the fastest-growing sport in America? Pelé certainly deserves the space he received, but let us not forget that there is a whole soccer league out there that is quickly moving into the realm of big-time sports. The loss of Pelé is a blow to the NASL, but, with or without him, soccer is alive and well in America.

BRIAN LEITCHFORD  
Albany, N Y

Sir,

I think you have a lot of nerve calling attention to the women's section by saying, "Women gained greater acceptance after years of struggle." Considering the fact that only five of the 144 pages of your special issue were set aside for women's sports, I'd say we haven't gained much at all.

PHYLLIS L. WINTERS  
Einton, Pa

Sir

Last May Karl Striedieck made the first 1,000-mile flight—out and return—in glider history. He flew from Lock Haven, Pa., to Oak Ridge, Tenn. and back, a total distance of 1,016 miles. His elapsed time was 14 hours, three minutes. It was soaring's equivalent to breaking the four-minute mile. The flight required skill, courage and physical stamina. Striedieck deserves a place alongside the other greats of 1977.

CHARLES O'MAHONY  
Pittsburgh

## ARKANSAS' SEASON

Sir

Thanks for giving Arkansas basketball the recognition it deserves (Now the Razorbacks have the Edge, Feb. 13). The outstanding cover photograph of Sidney Moncrief is one of your best ever.

Larry Keith's article on the Arkansas-Texas shoot-out was good, too. However, it could have used a little more Hog meat and a bit less sour [Abe] Lemons. Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton is 87-22 in his four years at Arkansas and has brought a touch of class to the Southwest Conference. The Razorbacks' 51-4 record during the past two seasons is one of the best in major college basketball, and their 25-2 record this year speaks for itself. See you in St. Louis.

RICK SANDERS  
RICHARD RUSSELL  
Little Rock, Ark.

Sir,

Manny Milian's spectacular action shot of Sidney Moncrief was one of the greatest photographs ever to be displayed on your cover. The expressions of the players, coaches and fans depict the excitement that the return of the dunk has brought to the college game.

RICH WALLKOWSKI  
DAVE ZBOLKOWSKI  
Warren, Mich

Sir:

That cover shot of Sidney Moncrief was incredible! I think it even beats the cover picture of Lynn Swann in Super Bowl X (Jan. 26, 1976).

BILL TISHMERMAN  
Pittsburgh

## IN THE KANSAS TRADITION

Sir

As soon as I saw Robert Heindel's illustrations (A Whole Lot of Hoops, Feb. 13), I knew that the article had to be about Kansas Basketball at KU is more than a spectator sport, more than winning or losing. It is a part of student life, an area of affection between a community and a team.

My first day on campus, I was told two things: 1) that Kansas State was our archrival with a capital "A," and 2) that Kansas basketball was the greatest in the world. Twelve years later it's nice to know that some things never change.

WILLIAM A. BANGLE JR.  
St. Louis

## MARYLAND'S TROUBLES

Sir

Once again SI has seen fit to do a hatchet job on the University of Maryland (*You Don't Know Them*, Al, Feb. 13). In your Jan. 3, 1972 issue (*Sweating Through the Dreads*), we were asked the rhetorical question, "What can be said about a sophomore basketball team that died?" We got the same kind of treatment in your Jan. 22, 1973 issue (*A Lesson for the Preacher Man*), when the Terps lost a close game to a fine N.C. State team.

continued

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And now, in 1978, we hear all about a talented, victory-poor, dissension-racked Maryland team. The only thing you have not done—yet—is lead the Amen chorus against us. But I wouldn't bet against it.

SHEENA A. GAINES  
Mitchellville, Md.

Sir: Your article about Albert King and the Maryland basketball team is, unfortunately, accurate. As a Maryland fan, I had sincerely hoped during this season that the Maryland players would exchange their personal-glory goals for team finesse and spirit. Obviously the players still have their "me first" convictions and are unable to cope with making assists or setting picks. I'm not going to give up on Maryland yet, but I'd rather have my hot dogs in the stands than on the court.

JOE McLELLAN  
Rockville, Md.

Sir: One thing Kent Hannon did not point out is how young this Maryland team is. For most of the season, the starting lineup has consisted of two freshmen, two sophomores and a junior. Sometimes senior Lawrence Boston starts. Hannon also failed to mention the main reason for such poor team play: the absence of a floor leader. Maryland had such a player in Guard Brad Davis, but lost him to the Los Angeles Lakers in the hardship draft. No one has been able to fill his shoes.

The ACC tournament is only a couple of weeks away and Maryland may surprise people who are down on the team.

CHARLES L. WADE JR.  
Winchester, Va.

#### BLAZERMANIA

Sir: I enjoyed Curry Kirkpatrick's story in the Feb. 13 issue (Goat Lake Blazers), but he neglected to mention that the journalist Bill Walton smashed in the face with a marshmallow pie was Kirkpatrick himself, after he was wrapped in a blanket by Maurice Lucas. I saw it on the news and Kirkpatrick's helpless laughter just before the dastardly deed was done cheered me up immensely after a blue day. Everything and everybody connected with the Blazers seems to cheer us up here in Oregon.

KATY JUSTIN  
Sweet Home, Ore.

#### SILENT SWED

Sir: I suppose that if Ingemar Stenmark were not "about as colorful as a Swedish meatball," his brilliant performance at Garmisch-Partenkirchen would have raised a cover (Whipping the Cream of the Crop, Feb. 13). His excellent performances in the slalom and giant slalom are far more memorable than the amusing anecdotes I've read concerning other athletes.

Thank you nonetheless for your coverage of World Cup skiing and the FIS cham-

ionships. I thoroughly enjoy reading about "the silent Swede's" triumphs.

KATHY GREEN  
St. Louis

#### FOR THE BIRDS

Sir:

Thank you so much for *Bird Thru Never Went* (Feb. 13). At the advanced age of 33, I'm still involved with all the sports commonly learned in high school, but my recently discovered interest in birding seems to fill the voids of boredom in nothing else ever has.

WILLIAM G. RYAN, D.D.S.  
Flint, Mich.

Sir:

As a rather inept amateur golfer, basketball player, swimmer, baseball player and football official, I enjoy your magazine for its usually splendid catholic coverage. But when did bird watching become a sport deserving of a feature-length article? I'm sure your readers have many different "favorite" sports, but, really, can bird watching be considered a sport? A short article perhaps, but, please no more feature-length prose.

JOHN CHRONISTER  
Tulsa

Sir:

For lack of anything better to read, I resorted to the article by Robert Cantwell. Anyone who skipped over it for more "interesting" reading missed an excellent story that informed and entertained. I'm not much for birding, but Cantwell held my attention.

LEESA KLASSEN  
Mountain Lake, Minn.

#### AGAINST THE BEAR

Sir:

Your *FACES IN THE CROWD* item (Feb. 13) regarding the first defeat in 5,000 matches of Victor the wrestling bear—by former Southeastern Conference champion Bob Walker—set me back on my heels. Victor's initial defeat came on Jan. 31, 1976 at the hands of Robert Savage of Mount Carmel, Pa. during the annual sports show at the Philadelphia Civic Center. Savage was a law student at Villanova at the time and was formerly an All-Ivy wrestler and teammate of mine at Columbia.

LEW FISCHER  
New York City

Sir:

As one of the 4,999 previous opponents who softened up Victor for Bob Walker, I think it is fitting that notice of Victor's defeat appeared in *SI* the same week Muhammad Ali's reign ended. Maybe Victor will retire gracefully, to manage his investments and sit around with younger bears and recall the glory days when he (and Ali) were the best ever.

KEN LABOWITZ  
Alexandria, Va.

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